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A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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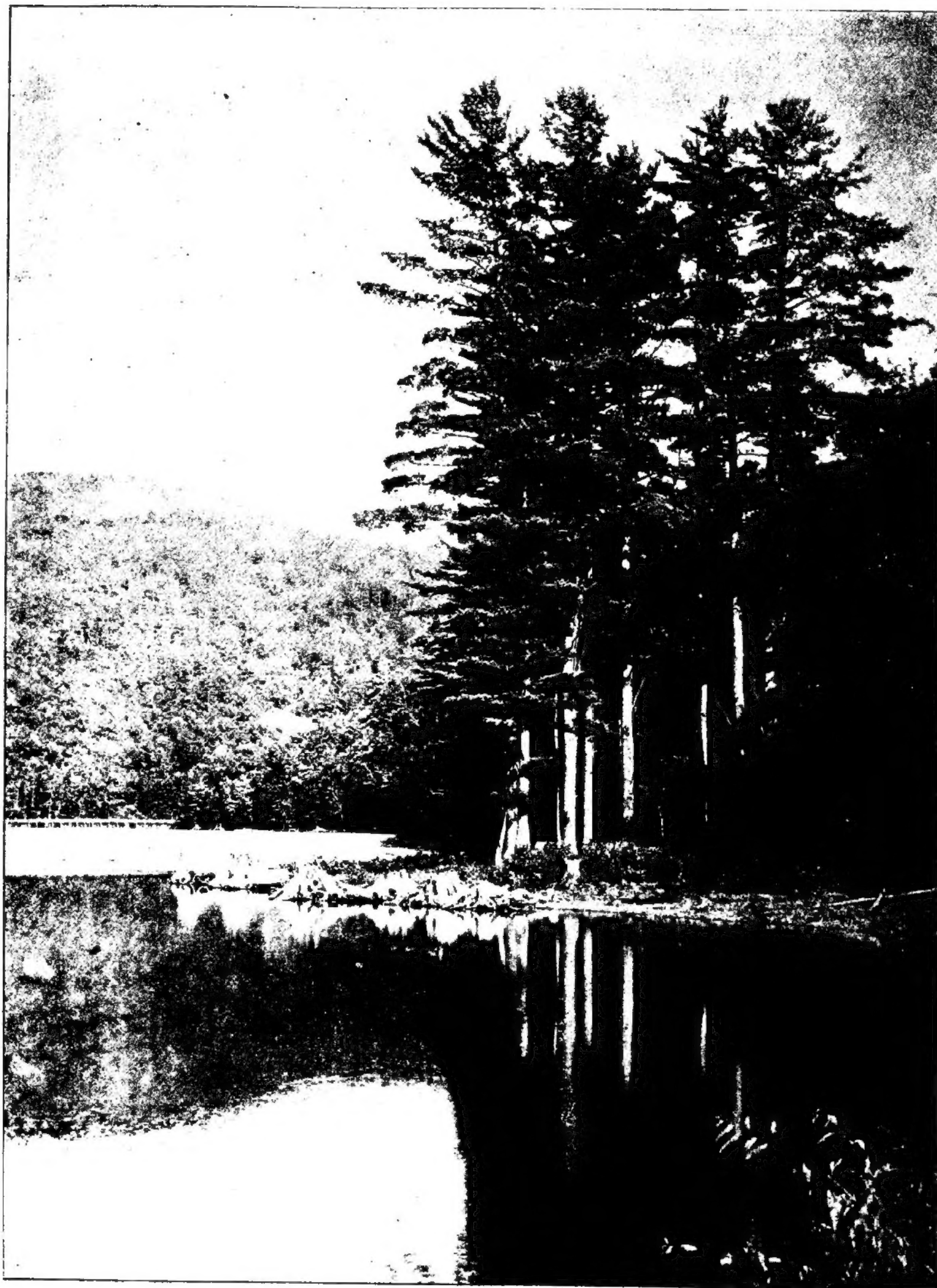
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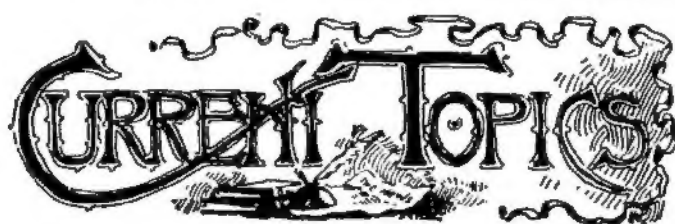
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22nd NOVEMBER, 1890.



The following resolution, passed at a meeting of the St. John Board of Trade, on the 5th inst., speaks for itself: Whereas, In a printed circular, entitled, "Terms and Conditions of Steamship Service between Canada and the United Kingdom and France," referred to in an advertisement signed by J. M. Courtenay, Deputy Minister of Finance, and dated Finance Department, Ottawa, 29th May, 1890, the following conditions appear: "The ports in Canada to be Quebec in summer and Halifax or Halifax and St. John in winter, the steamers calling to land and embark mails at Rimouski during the season of navigation, the contractor to have the right after landing the mails to send the steamers on from the terminal ports in England, France and Canada, but the steamers are in no case to call at any foreign port other than the above provided for. The steamers may, after landing at Halifax the passengers, mails and freight for that port proceed to St. John, provided Halifax be the last port of departure for Europe; and, Whereas, such conditions, if agreed to, will prove a great injury, as well as a manifest injustice to the port of St. John; Therefore resolved, That the Board of Trade memorialize the Government of Canada, praying that in the aforesaid terms and conditions the words 'Halifax or Halifax and St. John' be changed to read 'Halifax and St. John,' and also that the word 'shall,' be substituted in such terms and conditions for the word 'may.'" In connection with this resolution, it may not be out of place to direct the attention of our readers to an article in the October number of the *Canada Educational Monthly* on "The Harbour of St. John, N.B." It was written at the request of the editor of that periodical by the Rev. George Bruce, and puts the position of St. John as an Atlantic seaport on a clear and intelligible basis. It is worthy of careful study by all who are interested in the steamship service between Canada and Europe.

In another part of the present issue our readers will find a letter from Mr. J. C. Sutherland, of Richmond, P.Q., in which that gentleman supports the proposal that Canada should have an Association for the Advancement of Science, similar in character and aim to the bodies so named in Great Britain and the United States. The suggestion is certainly worthy of consideration. But would it not be wiser to extend the usefulness of such organizations as already exist in the Dominion? A good many Canadians already belong to one or other of the associations just mentioned. Several of our leading men of science have borne office in both of them. Sir William Dawson has been successively president of the American and of the British Association. The latter has met once, the former more than once, in Canada, and there is no reason why Canadian cities should not be thus honoured in the future as in the past. A new association seems, under the circumstances, hardly called for. But why should not the Royal Society of Canada be made to serve the purpose

that Mr. Sutherland has in view? It is the only learned body in the Dominion that, by the terms of its charter, is bound to include both the great sections of our population. Its aims embrace both science and literature—French and English—as well as history and archaeology, which are common to both languages and occupy the borderland between literature and science. The next meeting of the society is to take place in this city, and preparations for the proceedings have already been initiated. In addressing the meeting called last week for the purpose of making arrangements for the reception and entertainment of the visitors, Sir William Dawson, after explaining the constitution of the society, said that, in addition to its four sections of twenty members each, its work was considerably extended by the affiliation of all the chief scientific and literary societies throughout Canada, so that it might be said to be a kind of representative body of the associations for scientific research or the study of literature all over the Dominion. This, said Sir William Dawson, gave it great importance in Canada. It is not impossible that opportunity may be taken of the Montreal meeting to improve the standing of the society and to make it more comprehensive. Its relations to like learned bodies throughout the Empire and in other countries give it facilities for serving as a centre of intellectual development, whether in the form of literary production or of scientific research, that no other society can claim, and it is to be hoped that the approaching meeting in Montreal will bear good fruit in quickening its life and enlarging its sphere of usefulness.

The information published in the last report of the Société d'Industrie Laitière, the Dairy-men's Association of this province, is opportune. The year that has just ended was altogether the most fruitful for this branch of agricultural production and manufacture that either the Dominion or this province has yet seen. The appointment of a commissioner for the whole of Canada was an event of exceptional interest, both as indicating the concern that the Government felt in the efforts that the various private societies had been making to improve the methods of making butter and cheese, and also as marking a stage of progress in the development of the industry. Its growth has been one-sided. When attention was first earnestly directed to the subject at the era when cheese factories began to supersede the old system, butter took the precedence all over the country. Year by year the balance leaned to the other side until the yield of cheese surpassed that of butter, and finally the latter was reduced to but a small fraction of the whole. During this last year an attempt has been made to give effect to the conviction that had been gaining ground among our leading dairymen, that in neglecting the butter side of the industry a great mistake had been made. Cheese monopolising the thoughts and cares of our farmers, butter not only sank in production but materially declined in quality. It is of essential importance just now that everything possible be done to raise the reputation of Canadian butter as high as that of Canadian cheese without, however, falling into the opposite mistake of neglecting the cheese in doing so. Both industries must advance *pari passu*.

An event of some consequence to naturalists and sportsmen is recorded in a paper contributed by Mr. Harry Piers to the Transactions of the Nova Scotia Institute of Natural Science (vol. VII., Part 44, 1889-90), entitled "Notes on Nova Scotia Zoology." This is the shooting of a Virginian deer in November, 1888, by Mr. Fitch, Shubenacadie. The animal, a fine buck, was discovered among the sheep on that gentleman's property. The head was sent to Mr. Andrew Downs, of Halifax, for preservation. "Although the deer," says Mr. Piers, "is met with in New Brunswick, there is no previous mention of it in Nova Scotia." Dr. J. Barnard Gilpin, in a paper on the mammalia of the latter province, also read before the Institute, mentions the Virginian deer as probably frequenting the Cobequid hills, and states that he had personal knowledge of its appearance and capture at Dor-

chester, N.B., near the boundary between the two provinces. The range given to it by Mr. Tyrrell in his Catalogue of the Mammalia of Canada, from which we have so often quoted, assigns as its range in the Dominion South-western New Brunswick, Central Quebec and Ontario. A still more remarkable capture mentioned by Mr. Piers is that of a leather turtle five feet long and weighing 250 pounds, which was found entangled in a mackerel net a few miles from Prospect Harbour, near Halifax, on the 30th of August last year. Mr. William Saul, who made the capture, brought the animal alive to Messrs. Boak & Bennett's wharf at Halifax, where it was placed in a tank and supplied with salt water. The leather turtle is a native of tropical seas and had never before, as far as Mr. Piers could learn, been seen farther north than Massachusetts. "Owing to its powerful fore-paddles," he adds, "this species is much given to wandering, and is sometimes driven by storms far from its native seas to strange and distant lands. In this way it has been found on the shores of England and France, and now on the coast of our own Province." The specimen in question differs in some particulars from that which is described by Mr. T. Bell in his "History of British Reptiles." It is much smaller (Mr. Bell's specimen being eight feet long), but proportionately much broader between the eyes and across the head, while the forepaddles are larger, the tail is longer, and there is a noteworthy distinction in the shape of the hinder paddles, on each of which in the Nova Scotia specimen there is a well defined notch two inches deep on the posterior margin.

The loss of Captain Lindall, late commander of the Vancouver, and commodore of the Dominion line of ocean steamships, to which that vessel belongs, and of his quartermaster, Mr. McLaughlin, has been generally and justly deplored wherever those gentlemen were known. Captain Lindall, who, though Norwegian by birth, was proud to be considered a British seaman, as he was in character and demeanour, was deservedly a favourite with all who knew him, as well in Canada as in his English home. It is a sore bereavement that his afflicted family is called upon to bear, but the universal sympathy which the lamentable disaster has elicited is at least some alleviation for a sorrow so grievous. The first officer, Mr. Walsh, and his assistants, Messrs. Patterson and Davies, conducted themselves with praiseworthy courage and self-confidence all through the trying ordeal in which the calamity left them. Mr. Davies, the third officer, had a narrow escape from death, the bridge on which he was standing when the sea which proved fatal to captain and quartermaster broke over the ship, having been swept away all but a small portion that gave him bare standing-room. The passengers behaved with remarkable patience and coolness under circumstances that tended to test the mental strength both of men and women. They were deeply thankful to Chief Officer Walsh for his kindness and consideration as well as for the efficiency which he displayed in navigating the vessel without the aid of the ordinary instruments. In discharging his duty with such credit and success Mr. Walsh was well supported by his brother officers and the entire ship's company. It is no small solace, under such distressing visitations, to know that our merchant fleets are in the hands of able and humane men. Captain H. C. Williams, of the Oregon, has succeeded Captain Lindall as Commodore.

The improved means of rapid communication between Canada and Australia is expected to have a marked effect on the British Columbia lumber trade. Hitherto it has been absolutely burdened by the slowness of transport between the two groups of colonies—as much as three months, according to the *Victoria Times*, having been no rare allowance of time for the lumber vessels to make the trip. Viewed in the light of modern notions and methods, these slow voyages are antiquated, and must soon be entirely obsolete. The enterprise that enters into manufacturing industries in our day cannot tolerate the snail's pace and uncertainty of those wooden walls that were once so prized both in commerce and war. Lumber, like

other merchandise, requires steamers, and with fast steamers it is believed a great future is in store for this branch of British Columbia's trade. Of course, the fastness need not be that of the ocean greyhounds, but it will be as that of a greyhound to a tortoise compared with the dilatory and unreliable movements of the sailing vessels.

The *North-Western Miller*, of Minneapolis is (not unnaturally) among the American journals that looks with uneasiness to the working of the McKinley tariff. There is not, we believe, much ground for its apprehensions of reprisal on the part of the British Government. Free Trade principles are held by the great majority of English public men, and, having stood out against all the tariffs of Europe, those who believe in those principles are not likely to swerve into inconsistency for fear of the major's Chinese wall. What the *Miller* has to expect, however, is that Great Britain will endeavour to exist with as little of the agricultural products of the United States as she can conveniently put up with. She will seek her supplies from other sources, at least to a large extent, and by so doing she can inflict a much greater injury on United States trade than the operation of the tariff can inflict on hers. That course has already, indeed, been advised in some of the English magazines, even by free traders; and the *Miller*, looking at the question from the standpoint of neither Republican nor Democrat, but purely in the capacity and as representing the interests indicated by its name, counsels the Washington authorities to be-think them of possible consequences and to allow England some of the benefits of Mr. Blaine's reciprocity. Mr. Blaine, as the *Commercial* points out, would balance trade by forcing other nations to buy from his own country in proportion to its purchases from other parts of the world. As Great Britain has been wont to bring from the United States a great deal more than the amount of her sales to that country, it would be only taking the secretary at his word to establish an equilibrium. The *Miller* would anticipate such a movement by showing some consideration to England in the tariff regulation. The suggestion is noteworthy as revealing the spirit in which a most important section of American exporters regard the McKinley ultimatum. And that spirit reflects the feeling of the country, as the elections have shown.

The last report of the Commission on the Herd Book for Canadian Cattle, signed by the secretary, Dr. J. A. Couture, V.S., and published in the report of the Commissioner of Agriculture and Colonization for this Province, shows that 266 animals had been registered, of which 152 are entered as Canadian (28 males and 124 females) and 114 Jersey-Canadian (24 males and 90 females). The report states that the movement inaugurated some six years ago for the regeneration of the small but valuable breed of native cattle is constantly assuming larger proportions; that applications for registration have been made from all parts of the Province, and that for purposes of inspection, thus necessitated, the secretary has visited a considerable portion of it, and that, owing to the labours of the commission, Canadian cattle are beginning to be appreciated as they deserve to be. Their milking qualities have been recognized, and herds of Canadian cattle are becoming more and more numerous. Even those, adds Dr. Couture, who were wont a few years ago to deny the existence of such a race, now admit its superiority as a milking breed, and the day is looked forward to when the cows belonging to it will be regarded as the milkers *par excellence* of North America.

THE SITUATION.

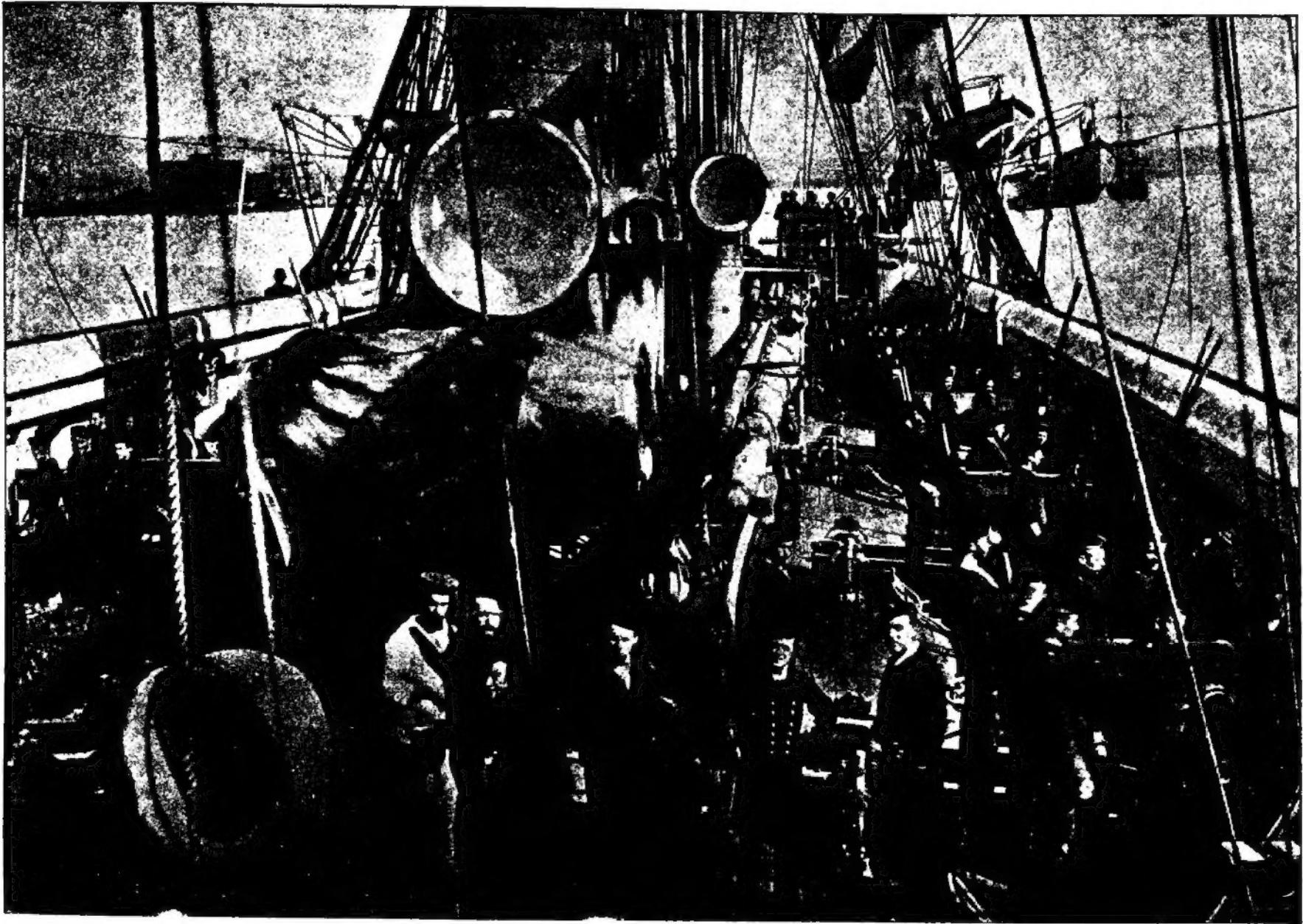
There seems to be a pervading desire all through the Dominion to make the present stage in our economic history a fresh starting-point in the development of our resources. During the last ten years Canada has made remarkable progress in many directions. The extension of our railway facilities has been extraordinary. It seems only the other day, to middle-aged men, when a great part of Ontario, all that is now known as the northern lake country, was entirely destitute of means of communication; when the great north, as it has

been called, of this province was isolated from all the world; when the Maritime Provinces were separated from what was then called Western Canada by an interval of virtual wilderness, and beyond Windsor, Ont., no rail had yet been laid. The contrast between that period and the present is so marked that the younger generation would find it difficult to imagine that the former could ever have been a reality. We may be disposed to repine at times that the settlement of our North-West (as we still name the vast areas of Western Canada) has not advanced more rapidly, and we would certainly like to see a vigorous and far-reaching impulse given to colonization there as elsewhere. But when we thus complain we forget that, until a few years ago, Canada was practically unknown as a destination for the great majority of emigrants who crossed the Atlantic. It is not more than twenty years since the subject was taken up in earnest, and it is only within about half that length of time that we could direct the new comers to our great prairie region. One of the chief advantages of Canada for emigrants of slender means is its nearness to Europe, and it must be considered that, until railway facilities were created, the Fertile Belt was practically as far away as South Africa. But the great drawback to the filling up of our vacant spaces lay in the successful rivalry of our pushing neighbours. Of Canada comparatively little was known. There is still, notwithstanding all that has been done by the Federal and Provincial Governments to draw attention to it, urgent need for sound information touching its advantages as a home for the surplus population of Europe—of the United Kingdom especially. It is not enough to distribute pamphlets at stated times, or to depend on the services of commissioners and emigration agents. To gain settlers of the right stamp, to place them where they are most wanted and are most likely to thrive and to make sure that every intelligent and industrious immigrant will be an evangelist to his kinsmen and fellow-countrymen at home, are tasks that call for constant thought and effort. A mere boom is useless. If we have faith in our resources and ourselves, we should set about this work with no half-hearted and in no niggardly spirit. Instead of vain repining over the larger market across the frontier (of which we shall always have a share) let us try to increase our own home market by peopling our still uninhabited solitudes. Then as to European, West Indian, Oriental and South Pacific markets, there are a few among us who have studied the question and know exactly what the demand is and what the requirements are in the case of each class of merchandise. But this knowledge is a sealed book to the bulk of our manufacturers and traders. How many in Canada, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, have studied, or had an opportunity of consulting the great report of the Ontario Agricultural Commission—one of the most instructive publications ever issued by a government? There is not a point, directly or indirectly, related to agriculture that is not dealt with there with a fulness and clearness most admirable, the witnesses in every instance being experts in the special industry treated of. Under the heading of general farming, every class of crop, every kind of live stock, from Durham bulls to bees and less known insects favourable to agriculture (as being the foes of its enemies) are enumerated, and their uses and qualities are described with reference to the farmer's interests. Durham, Hereford, Devon, Galloway, Polled Angus, Ayrshire, Jersey, Holstein and other breeds of cattle are weighed in the balance and their profitability or otherwise is pointed out. The folly of trying to save by persistently declining to make use of thoroughbred bulls, deterred by the expense, is insisted on and proved by abundant examples. The meat of different cattle is illustrated by different coloured plates and their respective capacity for taking on fat made evident at a glance. Then what a wealth of suggestion about pasture and byre fodder and general treatment of milch and meat cattle, calves, markets, modes of shipping and other matters, not one of which can be disregarded without peril of loss! The same plan is pursued with respect to horses, sheep (all the best kinds being specified,

and those most prized in the various markets indicated), hogs (to the raising of which, out of which as yet only a few Canadians have made money, reference was made in our last issue), poultry and eggs (about which there has been of late so much discussion), and the advantage to be derived from different crops (wheat, barley, oats, peas, maize, rye); the benefits of scientific (that is, rational) farming: the use of manure, under-draining, sub-soiling and other processes; the work of the dairy, bee-keeping, grape culture, apple-raising, the culture of small fruits and all the subdivisions in which these classes are arranged.

Still more comprehensive (as taking in not Ontario only, but the entire country, from ocean to ocean) was the inquiry conducted by the Select Committee appointed nearly seven years ago by the House of Commons regarding the agricultural interests of the Dominion. The information and suggestions placed at the Committee's disposal by the witnesses examined covered every point embraced under the term agriculture. Nor were the Committee's labours destined to be fruitless. The recommendations of Dr. Sterry Hunt, Mr. John Lowe, the late Charles Gibb, Mr. William Saunders, and Messrs. J. X. Perrault, Barnard and other gentlemen, summoned before the Committee, have been most advantageously carried out, as far as it lay in the Government's power to adopt and adapt them. The Central Farm, near Ottawa, and the branch institutions in Eastern and Western Canada, have done and are doing a very appreciable amount of good, and are destined, it is to be hoped, to gradually leaven the whole farming community with sound principles. If we ask what has been done in the other provinces, we find that, although no such work as the Report of the Ontario Commission has as yet made its appearance, there is not a single Provincial Government that has not done something to gather data and spread sound knowledge as to agricultural operations. Some of the blue-books published contain excellent treatises on general farming, and on every branch of it. There are, besides, the reports of societies, the handbooks for immigrants, the instructive testimony of experts like Profs. Tanner, Sheldon, etc., and the reports of the farmer delegates from Great Britain. If any of our people perish in the midst of plenty, or the means of producing it, it certainly is not for lack of knowledge, for the mass of information that lies ready to their hand, in both French and English, forms no contemptible library.

It is the same with our mineral resources, with our forests (largely covered in the reports on agriculture), our fisheries, our manufactures, our trade. If the farmer and his work have, for obvious reasons, attracted most attention, the other resources and industries of the Dominion have not been neglected. Yet, every now and then we are astonished at revelations of widespread ignorance of some precious natural product, the value of which has been urged upon our people again and again. There is really, however, no need for surprise. The history of development in Canada follows the lines of development in all countries. England's enormous supplies of coal lay idle until a couple of centuries ago, but in due time their worth was recognized. Our own petroleum was locally known generations before it was put on the market. As for the reservoir by the Caspian, it was known since the dawn of history, while the same substance, as we learn from ancient writers, was quite familiar in Sicily and the Isles of Greece. Even in this Canada of ours, its presence in our rocks had been revealed before Champlain's disappearance from the scene. It is as well, perhaps, that such features in the world's economic resources should be slowly disclosed to the mass of mankind; for, judging by the manner in which forests, game, large and small (where are our herds of Buffalo?), and even the countless denizens of the deep, thin and disappear before the ravages of improvidence and greed, even such a check as ignorance is not undesirable. But for us the time has come when the bounties which Nature lavishes on our land should be known and developed, and it is only by persistently keeping the subject before the public that the vast treasures still hardly touched can be even realized.



DRILL IN THE ROYAL NAVY.
H. M. S. "GARNET," PREPARING FOR ACTION. (Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)

Our Toronto Letter.

[From our own correspondent.]

TORONTO, November, 1890.

The Army and Navy exhibition given by ladies at Ottawa on behalf of the hospital there, has excited comment not altogether of a favourable nature. It is possible, and more than probable, however, that the young ladies themselves, as well as their parents and friends, assured themselves that the exhibition was not derogatory to the dignity of the sex before engaging in it. Few things are, when judged from a purely philosophical standpoint. The idea of military drill for ladies was a favourite idea with a drill instructor in Toronto, who, if he had lived, would have offered his services to the young ladies of certain of our educational institutions. His idea was that, since the more athletic out-of-door sports that are of such immense benefit to the mental and physical natures of men-students have no equivalent for women, and since women need exercise of a regular sort in the open air, the military exercises met the want in a most perfect and elegant manner. Even the sword and rifle exercises he considered as very beneficial, since they strengthened muscles not otherwise called into play by student-life, or by that led by the young ladies of our wealthy classes, whose servants relieve them of everything in the nature of rough exercise. Moreover, military drill requires no such expensive outfit as do calisthenics, and are at the command of our village belles as readily as our town beauties.

People of taste and judgment are a good deal disgusted with the prominence given to the murderer Birchall. The vulgarity that makes profit of a criminal, as certain newspapers are doing, is repugnant to all good feeling. And the sentimental silliness of those of our prominent people who have signed his petitions for a reprieve just because he is a university man and of respectable family connections, is a theme of reprobation by such as know that if he had been a poor and ignorant man, who, like Editha's burglar, had "had no opportunities," his fate would have excited neither interest nor pity. Either let us make something short of death a capital punishment, or let us be fair and allow the law to take its course without respect of persons.

Toronto enjoyed a most delightful Thanksgiving Day. The ground was moist enough not to be dusty, and dry enough not to be muddy. The air was soft and fresh; the sun smiled pleasantly through fleecy clouds, and the trees, not being all stripped of their leaves, touched the others with many lovely tints. The half-hidden purpose of a military surprise and its ensuing fight drew the crowds, as usual, away from the city. Some adventurous folk went as far as Lambton, and others took train to Mimico, the ground between these two points being spoken of as the mock "Stony Creek," to be fought by daylight, however.

The "crowd" gathered at High Park, where the march past took place after lunch was over.

The fight took place a good deal nearer than Mimico, and stragglers caught up the fact in no time. It was a short and sharp affair. The Queen's Own on one side, the Royal Grenadiers, "C" Company (Royal School of Infantry) and the favourite 13th Battalion from Hamilton forming the attacking force. The locale of the fight was nearly where the Americans landed in 1812, when they descended on Little York and blew up the magazine to their own loss as well as that of the attacked, their General (Pike) being killed, together with some of his men.

No such fatality—no fatality at all, in fact—accompanied the friendly set-to on Thursday, and Lieut.-Col. Otter, R.I.S.; Lieut.-Colonel Gibson, 13th; Col. Gwyn, 77th; Col. Wayling, 12th, and the officers of the various staffs must have enjoyed the fun as much as the men did. When "smokeless powder" is *en règle* there will be no drawback at all to such a day.

We like sham fights, but many would like them better if some form that recognized the purpose of the day could be added. If we had military chaplains—as, indeed, some think we ought, either attached or unattached—it would not be difficult to precede the march-out of each battalion with thanksgiving prayers and a hymn. The men would work none the worse for it, and outsiders would not feel that our militia were entirely cut off from those pious remembrances and thoughts that are at once a duty and a privilege.

The churches were well filled by the more religious of our population, and several of them provided a largely musical service, selecting the numbers with reference to the occasion. In all the Anglican churches on Thanksgiving Day collections for diocesan missions are made, with good results.

The St. George's society of Toronto gave their usual concert in the evening, and it goes without saying that it was a success, since the management are always careful to provide a first-class entertainment, and the public know it. On this occasion Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Mackellar, of Hamilton, Mr. Jarvis and Mr. Schuch sang the National Anthem as a quartette. These artists, together with Mr. W. E. Ramsay (comic) formed the vocal strength of the concert, and Mrs. Annie Waldron as a pianist and violinist and Mr. J. E. Wallis, clarionettist, were the sole instrumentalists. Mr. Giuseppe Dinelli, organist of the Church of the Redeemer, where Mr. Schuch is choir-master, acted as accompaniste, with Miss Fowler and Mrs. Boyd in certain numbers.

The theatres were well filled, all the actors in town being favourites.

By the way, Monday sees Gilmore with his opera company at the Academy of Music.

The extraordinary profits made by the Toronto Street Rail-

way Company, as brought out by the arbitration enquiry in the courts, have excited as much surprise as did the results of the multiplication of the nails in a horseshoe puzzle. That a horse, a car and a man, multiplied by, say, forty runs a day, multiplied by, say, a dozen lines of road, should give such returns after all expenses of road and maintenance are paid, seems incredible, yet the books leave nothing to the imagination, except, indeed, certain extras that have their own value, too, but are not counted in. Nor would any one have a word to say to the size of any fairly earned profits if the drivers and conductors had not been so ill-paid. But while it is shown that the company have earned millions of profit, it is known that these poor men, exposed as they are to all the inclemency of the seasons from six in the morning until twelve at night and on duty from twelve to fourteen hours a day have received but a pittance, some nine dollars a week being the average. Well may men ask for co-operation. Moreover, the citizens are naturally indignant that the values of the rolling-stock have been put at the highest possible figure; some of them, as the books show, actually above original cost. The city may be the purchaser, but the citizens have to pay the piper, and they are wise to remember it, and to see that they have the worth of their money. It is a pity a reputable corporation like the Street Railway Co. should descend to meanness, particularly when they have really organized and carried out a very extensive business for the convenience of the city. The "poor man's carriage" is a great comfort to thousands of men and women in all classes of life, and with very rare exceptions the employees have been faithful and civil throughout. The "linees" might often have been better and the accommodation more commensurate with the needs of the public, but as a whole there has been little to complain of during the thirty years the company has served the city, and it would be discreditable to all concerned if such service went wholly unrecognized.

The death of Rev. Father Vincent, Vicar-General, the oldest priest in Toronto, has given occasion for many deserved tributes of respect to this venerable Roman Catholic. Since the Rev. Father came to Toronto his Church has made great strides, not more in the matter of church-building than in that of education, and in no section of his duty did Father Vincent show a warmer interest than in the promotion of knowledge. St. Michael's College, in which institution he died at a by no means advanced age, was represented by Father Vincent on the Senate of the University of Toronto for some years, and in the organization of the separate schools, after such separation was secured, the deceased gentleman took an active part. The funeral was attended by a large number of prominent citizens, the interment being made at St. Michael's cemetery.



JUNIOR FOUR-OAR CREW OF THE ARGONAUT ROWING CLUB, TORONTO.

The last occasion of the distribution of prizes at Upper Canada College drew together a brilliant assemblage of ladies and gentlemen. Many of the old "boys" made it a point to be present, several coming from a considerable distance. Dr. Henry Scadding delivered the address, and it is needless to say that the interesting reminiscences that cling around a foundation such as Upper Canada College were treated with the sympathetic grace and wit for which the aged speaker is renowned. Hon. J. B. Robinson, Hon. G. W. Allan, Hon. S. C. Wood, Dr. Bergin, M.P.; all U.C.C. boys; Rev. D. J. Macdonell, Sir Daniel Wilson, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Col. G. T. Denison, Dr. Sweatman, Bishop of Toronto, Hon. G. W. Ross and other gentlemen occupied the platform. C. A. Moss took the Governor-General's prize, as well as several others, thus becoming the hero of the occasion. Next year the college will enter upon its new and handsome buildings at North Toronto, erected on the site of the W. R. Baldwin estate and homestead, Mashquatch, at the very head of Avenue road. It is said that the old college is to be turned into a public recreation ground and the buildings used as a museum.

Points.

By ACUS.

"To point a moral and adorn a tale."

Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

To those who may, rightly or wrongly, have sympathised with the unfortunate man Birchall, it may be some comfort to hear once more reiterated the old truism that all the people are wiser than any one of the people, or than any few of the people. The verdict of the people, in addition to that of the jury, with the concurrence of the judge,—the verdict of the people, I say, was simply overwhelming. If the judge had not concurred with the jury, it would be different; if the people differed from both, it would be different. To a vast and overwhelming number of intelligent minds the evidence, though circumstantial, has seemed conclusive. The presumption of the truth of so unanimous a conclusion is very strong indeed.

Strange things, we know, are often done, if not in the name, at least under the guise of liberty. The "sweet land of liberty" has just returned a Democratic majority, only to remain manacled with an ironclad Republican administration, contrary to the voice of the people and which cannot be ousted. For the present the situation startles one with a resemblance, however slight, to despotic government; certainly it is not responsible government. To the victors, in this case, belong neither the spoils nor the power which is the fruit of victory. Such a turn of affairs in Canada would oust a government instantaneously. It is beginning to dawn upon us that, perhaps, after all, it is we and

not they who are the freest nation upon the face of the earth.

The harvest of Canadian subjects waiting to be garnered into literature is truly plenteous; but the labourers are few. Longfellow saw it and reaped "Evangeline." Parkman saw it and reaped "Montcalm and Wolfe." One or two novels have already made a modest appearance; but their bearing was rather social than popular. Essays to the point appear now and then in the current magazines; but it is questionable if there is anything very permanent in magazine literature. It was not until lately, however, that Canada made her *début* on the dramatic stage. Credit is due to Mr. McKee Rankin, first for being bold enough to introduce an entirely new character, and secondly for making that character a "Canuck." Now what we want is a popular, good-natured novel, built on a similar plan. It is contended that the limitations of the Canadian literary market do not render it inviting to the author. A good work, however, will always have a large constituency; its market will be the world.

Since the completion of the C.P.R., this country has received many compliments upon the greatness of her railroading achievements. This great railway has simply drawn attention to such achievements, because prior to it obstacles very great indeed were overcome here by railroad men. With a thinly settled country, a small travelling public, little capital to be had, and with comparative inexperience in railroading, the achievements of the earlier railroads are proportionately greater. The later railroads have been able to profit by the mistakes of the earlier ones, and by the great advance which the world has made in railroading in the meantime. Let us be proud of our great modern achievements; but let us not forget the pioneers, the early heroes, of Canadian railroading. People are sometimes inclined to be amused when they remember the old-fashioned rolling-stock, and the occasional slowness of the early roads; but that same stock well served its day and generation, and, as to time and speed, our modern railroads have considerable improvement to make yet.

A Canadian Association for the Advancement of Science.

It has been suggested that Canada should have an association for the advancement of science similar in character and purpose, although necessarily not similar (at first) in dimension and weight, to those of Great Britain and the United States. The chief purpose of such associations is to bring the results of science into touch with the practical interests of everyday life and business. They are not merely—although they are to some extent—associations for

the purpose of affording opportunity for the exchange of knowledge between working scientists in the various highways and byways of science. They are also intended to bring so-called practical men into healthy contact with so-called theoretical men, for mutual benefit. As a great Canadian scientist (Sir William Logan) once tersely said, "Science leads to economies, and economies lead to science." On the membership roll of the American association there are two thousand persons; but, according to last year's president, Professor Mendenhall, not more than seven hundred are actively engaged in scientific pursuits. Both the British and the American associations are, in fact, great popular educators in the best and highest sense of the term; and in each, non-professional membership is fully encouraged. The active members include also the most prominent scientists of both countries.

In Canada we have now, surely, the material for a national science association. In our universities we have working scientists who are esteemed abroad, at any rate; and the development of our agricultural and mining industries is sufficient to justify a more general attention to the principles of science on the part of those who are not specialists in any line, but to whom a general knowledge of scientific progress would be of practical service.

Richmond, Que.

J. C. SUTHERLAND.

Enigma.

I am built of eight letters; the student who looks From me to the sky, from the sky to his books, Will find that four syllables fashion my name, All in length and in number of letters the same. In two equal parts, of two syllables each, My nomen in full he will instantly reach. Part first is the name of a woman renowned In Biblical lore, and with reverence crowned; A woman who added one miracle more To the list that the mothers in Israel count o'er. Part second is that which the boys of old Rome All longed to possess, and, abroad or at home, When they found it, would strut with an air of such pride, The censors were moved their assurance to chide. Complete, I am known as a beautiful town In a land on which kings have some reason to frown. When Sirius rages and dogs run about With their tails at half mast and their tongues lolling out, I sit with Hygeia inhaling the air That invites to my fountains the proud millionaire, And damsels of fashion, whose luminous eyes— And diamonds—Lord Needy beholds, and he sighs! Now solve me my riddle, ye virgins of wit; For a task so momentous most men are unfit.

G. MARTIN.



ARMY AND NAVY FAIR, OTTAWA—GROUP OF LADIES.

—This engraving gives a glimpse of a spectacle such as is not often seen in any land. The fair amazons that revealed themselves to the delighted visitors at the Army and Navy Fair, which took place in the Ottawa Drill Hall on the 22nd ult., were not by any means of the type of *Penthesilea furens*. Only in the grandeur of their victories over the sterner sex did they at all resemble their sisters of the Ancient World. The whole scene was alive with the beauty of colour, of symmetry and graceful movement. Nothing was wanting to give an air of reality to the embattled ranks of the militant charmers, and the naval display was worthy of a Dominion that has a share of control over three oceans. The good ship Pictou was marvelously well rigged and manned and the midshipmisses were a joy forever in fact and memory. Lamps, shields, banners were all in unison with the *mise en scene*. The following is the list of ladies who appeared in uniform: Princess Louise Dragoon Guards—Mrs. Devlin and Mrs. Featherston, assisted by the Misses Acres, Arnoldi, Campbell, A. Clark, J. Clark, L. Gouin, N. Gibson, E. V. Gourdeau, M. Griffin, M. Mackintosh, C. Percial, L. Scott, M. Taylor, M. White and H. Wise. Canadian Artillery—Mrs. Burn and Mrs. Rowley, assisted by Miss Blackburn, Miss Ruby Blackburn, Miss Burn, Mrs. T. C. Bate, Miss Cambie, Miss Clayton, Miss Cox, Miss Gouin, Miss Richardson, Mrs. Simpson, Miss Stewart, Miss Watters and Miss Jennie White. Governor-General's Foot Guards—Mrs. W. A. Allan, assisted by Mrs. Fred. Carling, Miss Cole, Miss Emily Cox, Miss Gilmour, Mrs. Heron, Mrs. Hodgins, Miss Jarvis, Miss Macdonald, Mrs. McIntyre, Miss Orde, Miss Ridout, Miss Grace Ritchie, Miss Amy Ritchie, Miss Russell, Miss Schreiber, Miss H. Sherwood, Miss M. Scott and Miss Todd. Fifth Royal Scots of Montreal—Mrs. Edward Moore, assisted by Miss Bate, Miss Bright, Mrs. Currier, Miss Lay, Miss Lindsay, Mrs. Machray, Miss Mackintosh, Miss Sherwood, Mrs. E. Skead, Miss Wright and Miss E. Wright. Sixth Fusiliers of Montreal—Mrs. Walker Powell and Mrs. C. Berkley Powell, assisted by Miss Josie Mackay, Mrs. Geo. Perley, Miss Powell, Miss Laura Powell, Mrs. Wm. Scott, Miss A. Scott, Miss Thistle, Miss E. Thistle and Miss Ethel White. 43rd Rifles—Mrs. W. P. Anderson, Mrs. J. C. Anderson and Mrs. Maynard Rogers, the Misses Anderson, W. Bacon, Buell, Leucks, Small, Mabel Taylor, Wilson and Wright. Canadian Navy, H. M. S. Pictou—Mrs. C. H. Tupper and Miss Seymour, Mrs. F. Clemow, Miss Chesley, Miss Cross, Mrs. Chipman, Miss Gisborne, Mrs. Gormully, Miss Hunter, Miss Lewis, Miss M. Mackintosh, Miss May, Miss Percival, Miss Porter, Miss Selwyn, Mrs. Wallis and Mrs. White, besides twelve or more little midshipmen. The Army Hospital Corps—Mrs. Gwynne and Mrs. Macdougall, Miss Burrows, Mrs. Crombie, Miss Lillie Fleming, Mrs. J. Gilmour, Miss Gwynne, Mrs. L. K. Jones, Miss Kingsford, Mrs. Fred. Macdougall, Miss Annie Moylan, Mrs. Palmer, Miss Ritchie, Miss M. White, Mrs. Fred. White, Miss Sparks. Miss Moore, the youngest officer in the room, who was attired in the full uniform of the Guards, very gracefully presented Lady Macdonald with a magnificent bouquet. Sir James Grant, K.C.M.G., M.D., F.G.S., called upon Sir John Macdonald to open the fair, which the Premier did in his usual felicitous manner. The march past was a rare sight, all the corps showing off to advantage their shapely *personnel* and admirable training. On the other attractions of the occasion it is needless to dwell. Sir John was accompanied by Lady Macdonald, and Sir Adolphe Caron, Minister of Militia, the Hon. C. H. Tupper and Col. Walker Powell were also present. The committee of reception consisted of Sir James Grant, Hon. Mr. Justice Gwynne, Sheriff Sweetland, the Mayor, Lt.-Col. John Macpherson, Capt. Gourdeau, Mr. McLeod Stewart and Mr. J. Lloyd Pierce. The inspection was entirely satisfactory, and the evolutions were most gratifying to the twelve hundred spectators.

THE SS. VANCOUVER, OF THE DOMINION LINE, BEFORE AND AFTER THE ACCIDENT.—This fine vessel, which arrived in Montreal a few days ago after undergoing experiences such as happily seldom befall the vessels of our merchant fleet, was launched in 1884, and arrived in Montreal on her first trip, on May 19th of the same year, being then commanded by the late Captain Lindall. She draws about 22 feet of water forward and 23 aft. Her length between perpendiculars is 430 feet; breadth of beam, 45 feet; depth of hold, 33 feet 6 inches; tonnage, gross register, 5,800 tons. She was built of Conssett iron, under a special survey for naval and transport services, and was strengthened in excess of Lloyd's heaviest specifications, and is considered strong. There are eight water-tight bulkheads, each carried up to the main deck. The Vancouver's accommodation is very large, and the steamer is luxuriously furnished

and in every way comfortable. The pictures we give to-day of the noble vessel show her under very different circumstances—one when all is "plain sailing," another in one of the most frightful gales ever encountered by these modern leviathans.

THE VERY REV. GEORGE MUNRO GRANT, D.D., PRINCIPAL OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON, ONT.—We are happy to present our readers in this issue with a portrait of one of the ablest and most patriotic of our public men—the Very Rev. Dr. G. M. Grant, of Queen's College, Kingston. When, more than two years ago, we published the portrait of the distinguished Chancellor of the University, Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., LL.D., Dr. Grant was abroad and beyond the reach of prompt communication. Since his return from the Antipodes we have had frequent occasion to refer to his works and words; and, indeed, apart from anything that we might say concerning him, there is none of our writers and orators, in whatever tasks they may be engaged, who stands less in need of introduction to our readers. Dr. Grant's career is that of deserved success even beyond the measure of his aspiration. If, however, he has had greatness thrust on him, it was because there were duties and responsibilities which he was, by native gifts and acquired knowledge, exceptionally fitted



REV. PRINCIPAL GRANT.

to discharge and to assume. He is a son of the soil, having been born at Stellarton (Albion Mines), Pictou Co., N.S., on the 22nd of December, 1835. His father, who taught school there, was a man of superior character and attainments, and enjoyed the esteem of all who knew him. On the removal of the family to the town of Pictou, George attended the academy of that place. Like many men who have risen to eminence, he was anything but a book-worm in his boyhood, loving life in the open air, being fond of out-door sports and having no aversion, on occasion, to a bout at fisticuffs. A born leader, he was ever foremost in any enterprise that called for daring, and frequently found himself, through his own initiative, face to face with peril. It was through this disposition to tempt hazards from which warier boys would have kept clear that he met with the accident that may be said to have decided his course in life. With some playfellows he had undertaken, in the absence of the owner, to experiment with a hay-cutter, and not exercising sufficient precaution, he had his right hand caught in the cutting gear and severed from the body. Habit is surely second nature, for no one (without forewarning) would fancy from Dr. Grant's demeanour and action that he laboured under such a disability. Henceforth he gave more attention to his books, and proved as little a laggart in study as he had previously been in games and adventure. At the academy he won the Primrose medal, and, entering the West River Seminary (Church of Scotland), had the advantage of taking lessons in classics and philosophy from Prof. Ross, subsequently president of Dalhousie College. After two years' stay at the Seminary, he was chosen one of the four bursars to be sent to Glas-

gow to study for the ministry. His career there was a forecast of what it has been as a clergyman and educationist. He carried off some of the highest honours and prizes in natural and moral philosophy, classics, logic, chemistry and divinity. In this last subject he was awarded the Lord Rector's prize for an essay on Hindoo literature and philosophy. Having been ordained to the ministry of the Church of Scotland, he was appointed minister in Pictou, whence, after a time, he went to Prince Edward Island. In May, 1863, his reputation for zeal, energy and rare pulpit power having preceded him, he was invited to take charge of St. Matthew's church, Halifax, and in that pastorate he remained until his appointment to his present important position. He was no stranger when he moved into Ontario. The fourteen years of his stay at Halifax had tested his ability, earnestness and devotion, and had proved him, both as pastor and citizen, fully deserving of the public confidence. He had ever taken a warm interest in the development and progress of our great country, had heartily sympathized with all efforts to develop its resources and to extend its fame, and had been welcomed as acoadjutor by those who took the lead in that patriotic work. He gladly accepted the position of chaplain and recording secretary to the expedition across the continent conducted by Mr. Sandford Fleming C.M.G., and wrote its history

in "Ocean to Ocean," long a standard work. In its pages Dr. Grant showed himself an observer as well as a thinker of no common grasp, and a graceful and vigorous writer. His other great work, "Picturesque Canada," of which he had the literary, while Mr. O'Brien, P.R.C.A., had the artistic, supervision, is a *ktema es ævi*—a possession which all Canadians cherish and will continue to cherish as a worthy showing of what they and their heritage have been, are and are destined to become. For every picture, as page of letterpress in that work is a forecast, as well as a portrayal or a description. Dr. Grant is too busy a man to give much time to literature, but he has already written enough to assure thousands of readers of his rare merits of thought and style. There is one theme on which he is never tired dilating—his country and ours. On this theme he has written both in our own press and in the chief periodicals of Great Britain and the United States. To his articles in *Scribner's* and the *Century* we have often had occasion to refer. To *Good Words*, the *Contemporary* and other magazines he has been a prized contributor. As a speaker, Dr. Grant has no superior in Canada, few equals anywhere. Since his connection with Queen's University, his voice and pen have been largely at the service of higher education, and the institution over which he presides with such acceptance and advantage has materially gained thereby. He is loyal to the backbone, a Canadian and an Imperialist of the genuine type. But he is bound to the formula of no party dictator and does not shrink from denouncing sham or wrong or corruption wherever he finds the trail of the serpent. *Macte virtute, optime vir.*

PAUL PEEL, R.C.A.—This distinguished young Canadian artist, whose portrait we give in our present issue, was born at London, Ont., on the 7th of November, 1860, so that he has only just completed his thirtieth year. He at an early age disclosed a genius for art, and began to study in his native city when he was only twelve years old. In 1877 he went to Philadelphia, where he spent three years attending the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. In 1880 he crossed the Atlantic and spent some time at the Royal Academy, London. In the following year he took up his residence in the French capital, where he entered on a diligent course of study under Lefevre, Boulanger and Benjamin Constant. Under this last great master of modern painting he remained in training for nearly five years. Among his patrons are H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Lord Ronald Gower and other illustrious *connoisseurs*. Mr. Peel obtained "honorable mention" at the Paris Salon of 1889 for his picture, "Life is Bitter," and at the Salon of 1890 he was awarded a gold medal for his painting, "After the Bath." Several of Mr. Peel's pictures have been on view at Canadian exhibitions and have won deserved admiration. Of such sons Canada may well be proud.

THE SHAM FIGHT AT TORONTO ON 6TH NOVEMBER.—In this issue we give portraits of Lieut.-Col. Otter, D.A.G., who acted as chief umpire, and Lieut.-Col. Gibson, 13th Battalion, in command of the attacking force. Our special artist was in attendance during the day, and in our next issue we intend giving a number of sketches of incidents of the mimic struggle.

LIEUT.-COL. WILLIAM OTTER, D.A.G., TORONTO.—The gallant soldier, whose portrait will be found on another page of this issue, is a native of Ontario, having been born at Clinton, Huron County, on the 3rd of December, 1843. He received his education in part at the Grammar School, Goderich, and in part at Upper Canada College, Toronto. In October 1861, Mr. Otter joined the Victoria Rifles, Toronto (now "F" Company of the Queen's Own Rifles) and in December, 1864, was promoted to a lieutenancy in the latter corps. He served as an officer of that rank in the 2nd Administrative Battalion on the Niagara frontier in the winter of 1864-65. In the following August, Lieutenant

Otter was appointed adjutant, and in that capacity took part in the repulse of the Fenian raid of 1866, being present at the action of Limeridge. In June, 1869, he was advanced to the status of major, and went to England as second in command of the Wimbledon Team in June, 1875. A year later he was made lieutenant-colonel by brevet, and in the summer following obtained command of the corps. During the unhappy riots in Toronto, towards the close of 1875, and in the Belleville G. T. R. strike riots of 1877, he had command of the regiment. In 1883 he commanded the Wimbledon Team, and later in the year was sent to Aldershot to acquire information in connection with the proposed formation of military schools. It was during the North-West rebellion of 1885 that Col. Otter especially distinguished himself. He had command, during the campaign, of the Battleford, or centre column, and made a forced march from the Saskatchewan across the prairie to Battleford (a distance of 190 miles) in five days and a half. He commanded the reconnaissance after Poundmaker, the rebel Indian chieftain, whose junction with Big Bear he prevented by the engagement at Knife Hill. Had those two chiefs effected a combination and been enabled to reach Riel, the issue of the conflict would, at least for a time, have been different. Col. Otter also commanded the Turtle Lake column sent out in pursuit of Big Bear at the close of the rising. In July, 1886, he was appointed to the command of Military District No. 2, which he held along with the charge of the Toronto Infantry School Corps ("C" Company) which had been assigned him on his return from England in 1883. Col. Otter is the compiler of a useful manual of military interior economy called "The Guide," which has been accepted as a text book in all our schools of military training. The Colonel, who is now Deputy Adjutant-General, has been married since October, 1865, his wife being a daughter of the late Rev. James Porter, Inspector of Public Schools, Toronto, and formerly Superintendent of Education for New Brunswick. By religious profession Col. Otter is a zealous member of the Church of England.

THE ARGONAUT JUNIOR FOUR-OAR CREW, TORONTO.—There is no city in Canada, and but few in the United States where aquatic sport is so much appreciated or patronized with greater liberality, than in Toronto. The city by the lake has, of course, many natural advantages, which to the credit of the citizens be it said, are fully utilized and

LIEUT.-COL. GIBSON, COMMANDING 13TH BATT., HAMILTON.—This officer, so well known in military and rifle-shooting circles throughout the Dominion, was born in the county of Peel, Ontario, on New Year's Day, 1842, and is the son of the late William Gibson, who came to Canada from Glamis, Forfarshire, Scotland. During the Trent excitement in 1861 Mr. Gibson enlisted in the University Rifle Company, and after graduating, joined the 13th Battalion. Having attended a military school, he obtained a commission in the same corps, with which, as lieutenant,



THE DRUM-MAJOR.

Senate of Toronto University, and has been Examiner in the Law Faculty. In 1879 he was elected to the Ontario Assembly over Mr. Hugh Murray, the Conservative candidate, and again, in 1883, over Mr. R. Martin, Q.C. He is now Provincial-Secretary of Ontario.

THE LATE CAPTAIN LINDALL, OF THE SS. VANCOUVER.—The brave and skilful mariner, whose loss during the terrible hurricane that occurred during the last voyage of his vessel across the Atlantic has occasioned universal regret among those who knew him both in Canada and England, was by birth a Norwegian, and was about fifty years of age at the time of his death. He was an example of the best type of British seaman, genial and companionable in the "hours of ease," firm as a rock, with concentrated energy, in the hour of peril. His physique was thoroughly in keeping with his character. He was more than six feet high, broad-chested, with well-balanced head and sinewy frame, the impersonation of health and vigour. All through the fatal storm he devoted himself with unsparing vigilance and alertness to the care of his ship and the safety and comfort of his passengers. The manner of his death makes the casualty which has deprived the service of such a commander more distressing. He was swept away with the chart room, and there was not for a moment the slightest hope of saving either him or the quarter-master, Mr. McLaughlin, who shared his fate. Captain Lindall had commanded the Vancouver since 1884, when the vessel was launched. The terrible mishap by which he lost his life was the first to befall the vessel since he took charge of her. He leaves a wife and family in Liverpool, who are personally known to many Canadians, and have the sincere sympathy of all who know of what a devoted husband and father they have been bereaved. One of the first measures of the passengers on arriving in Montreal was to pass a resolution of condolence to the afflicted household. Captain Williams, of the Oregon, has succeeded Captain Lindall as Commodore of the Dominion Line.

BELCIEL LAKE, P. Q.—This is the lovely sheet of water (is it not?) that our Laureate has described as "a jewel fallen from a casket of fairy land." But it was not fairies that presided at the birth of Belciel Lake. Rather it was Titans, the giants of the primeval world, who waged their wars long before man had cut a figure on the globe. For



THE ARMY AND NAVY FAIR, OTTAWA —The Governor-General's Foot Guards.

in a way that has resulted in sending the representatives of the Queen City to the front in many a hard-rowed struggle. The champion scullers of the world have hailed from the capital of Ontario, and there are still some undeveloped champions, whom it is a pleasure to introduce under the well-known name of the Argonaut Rowing Club. There must be a beginning to everything, and every world beater was at one time a junior. It is with the hope that the Argonaut Juniors will continue to travel in the footsteps of their successful predecessors that the accompanying engraving is given to our readers.

he was present at Ridgeway in 1866. In October, 1876, he was gazetted as lieutenant-colonel. He accompanied the Wimbledon Team in 1874, 1875 and 1879, and won high distinction as a marksman, in this last year carrying off the Prince of Wales prize of £100 and a badge. In 1881 he commanded the team when it won the Kolapore Cup. He was at Creedmoor in 1876, and commanded the Canadian team which defeated the Americans at long range shooting in 1882. Col. Gibson is a member of the Council of the Dominion, and has been President of the Ontario Rifle Association. He was in 1873 elected a member of the

it was born amid convulsions and upheavals and disruptions, the violence of which we vainly try to imagine. Its parent mountain is one of a sisterhood—Yamaska, Rouge-mont, Mont Monnoir and our own royal height are members. However it came into being, it is a lovely scene and fully justifies the poet's raptures. After all those Titans were beneficent in their way, for the debris of their battle-grounds is the treasure-house of humanity. Artists, too, they were, with an instinctive sense of beauty and of the fitness of things. To them we owe much of what is most charming in landscape.



The Ottawa Field Battery.
The Royal Navy.



The Fusiliers
PS OF Dragoon
Battal AT A

OUR FAIR DEFENDERS.—GROUPS OF SOLDIERS AT A



The Fusiliers.
The Dragoon Guards
The Grenadier Battalion.
AT ARMY AND NAVY FAIR, OTTAWA.



The Royal Scots.
The Ambulance Corps.



BY BLANCHE L. MACDONELL

PREFACE.

In dealing with historical events and characters it seems only fair to the reader to avow what liberties have been taken with facts and exactly how much is founded on history.

Really to know these men and women who lived and loved, suffered and died, in these very scenes wherein we are now enacting our own life, dramas may be an impossibility, but it is well to remember that we have rich stores, not only of folk-lore and tradition, but of history as well, to help us in our task of reviving the past.

Jacques Le Ber, a native of Kistre, near Rouen, one of the Company of the Hundred Associates, formed to establish the new settlement of Ville Marie, was considered one of the richest traders in New France, being the owner of two Seigniories, St. Paul and Senneville, a house in Quebec, one in St. Paul street, Montreal, and various other property. Le Ber was the brother-in-law of Charles Lemoyne, the first ancestor of the Barons of Longueuil. "M. Jacques Le Ber," says Dollier de Casson, "has rendered valuable service to the colony, exposing himself very often in canoe, on the ice, or in the wood, carrying despatches." On his seigneurie of Senneville, at the head of the Island of Montreal, Le Ber built a stone fort. This was burnt by the Iroquois in 1691, and when it was rebuilt in 1692 it was provided with small pieces of artillery. In 1791 we find a garrison established in this spot, commanded by the Sieur de Mondion, and a few years later M. de Vaudreuil, Governor-General of Canada, writing to the Minister of the Marine, informs him that "the fort at Senneville entirely protects the colony on that side from the invasion of the Indians." Le Ber was ennobled by Louis XIV. in 1696.

The trader's only daughter, Jeanne, with a fortune of 50,000 crowns, was the wealthiest heiress in French Canada. At the age of seventeen she determined to devote herself as an expiatory offering for the sins of her country. During the fifteen years that she remained in seclusion in her father's house she was never seen but once. Her brother, Jean Le Ber du Chêne, a youth of twenty-three, had been dangerously wounded in a battle with the English and Indians, which took place between Laprairie and Chambly, in August, 1691, and was carried home to die. As the Sisters Bourgeoys and Berber were rendering the best cares to the corpse they were startled by the appearance of Jeanne Le Ber. Later, this enthusiast agreed to give the Sisters of the Congregation the money to build a new church if they would provide her with a cell behind the altar in which she could seclude herself for the remainder of her days. This cell, extending the whole length of the building, was from ten to twelve feet deep and was divided into three stories. The ground floor was used as a sort of sacristy; in the upper story the recluse kept her working materials. A moveable grating was placed in a panel of the door, through which she could confess and receive the communion. The original deed, containing these conditions, drawn up by Bassett, a notary, and signed by several Sisters of the Congregation and by Dollier de Casson, Superior of the Seminary, may still be seen in the Registry office, Montreal.

The Le Ber family proved most substantial benefactors to the community of the Congregation.

Pierre Le Ber joined Charon de la Barre in founding l'Institut des Frères Hospitaliers of Ville Marie. He was the only one of Charon's associates who remained faithful till death. He appears to have been the first Canadian artist, having decorated different churches with portraits of Soeur Bourgeoys, Ste. Thérèse, St. Paul and the Virgin Mary. He died in 1707, and his heart was buried in the chapel of the congregation.

Lydia Longloy, a native of Grotton, two leagues from Boston, twenty-two years of age, was taken prisoner, in war by the Abenakis, in July, 1694. She was baptized April 14, 1696. Her godmother was Madame Lemoyne de Maricourt, and her godfather, Jacques Le Ber. The following words are found in the parish register: "It has been performed in the Chapel of the Sisters of the Congregation for certain reasons, and that by particular permission of M. François Dollier de Casson, Grand Vicar of the Diocese."

The Sieur d'Ardiens was an actual type of a young man of high rank. The Chevalier de Crisase was a noteworthy personage. The historian Charlevoix says of this gentleman: "One does not know which to admire most,—his skill in war, his sagacity in council, his fertility of resource or his presence of mind in action." The Marquis de Crisase was appointed Governor of Three Rivers; his brother, neglected and forgotten, died of a broken heart.

Madame de Monestrol, Diane and Nanon are imaginary characters, but drawn after an extensive study of the types portrayed in history, as well as the memoirs and romances of the period.

Most of the incidents in "For Faith and King" are

founded upon fact. It may be objected that the expedition of Diane and Lydia to Mount Royal is improbable. In reality, this was the fashionable pilgrimage of the day, and the dangers that beset the enterprise only increased its supposed merits. At a still earlier date, Madame d'Ailleboud and her sister climbed the mountain side nine days in succession, in order to complete a *neuvaine* before the cross erected by De Maisonneuve. The council and war feast took place during Frontenac's administration, though not exactly at the date at which it has been placed in order to suit the exigencies of fiction. Four Iroquois were actually burnt at Montreal. The Abbé Tanguay vouches for the authenticity of an old letter dated 1701, describing the occurrence as it actually happened. Dubois' exploit is historically correct, but it occurred at a later date than that ascribed to it in the story.

CHAPTER I.

THE SEIGNEURY OF DE SENNEVILLE.

"A silver key is given to thy clasp,
And thou shalt stand unwearied day and night
And fix it in the hard, slow-turning wards."

—EMERSON.

A languid sultry day was the 20th of August, 1689, with full breathed summer in the soft air and a transparent haze, like a veil, lying over the St. Lawrence. Near the shore, delicate grasses leaned on the surface of the stream; the rushes, tall and straight, sprang up boldly, but from the tangled and interlacing fibres the water flowed clear. The river was gay with tinkling tremors of sound. A rich affluence of color, splendor and variety, all contributed to the charm of the landscape. The St. Lawrence, environed by pure air and splendid vision, spread out with a grand, generous swell. The Lake of Two Mountains gleamed like a silver shield; the hills in the distance were blue and vague, shimmering through a fluctuating mist. Amidst the sunny slopes and gradual rise of woodland there were noble heights, hidden, tender hollows and deep, grand forest glooms.

It was a busy time at the Seigneurie of Senneville; the master was not tolerant of indolence. Jacques Le Ber, the wealthiest trader in New France, had himself been superintending the gathering of the harvest. Le Ber was one of the few who, amidst the extreme penury which seemed to be the natural condition of the colony, had succeeded in rendering himself prosperous. The Western fur trade had brought him great wealth. His cool judgment and astute sagacity enabled him to impress his own encroaching personality upon all those with whom he came in contact. His dominant temperament had aided him to overcome the difficulties with which the new country abounded, while his practical ability had taught him to make the most of every opportunity. He had raised himself to be a power in the land, and supremacy was as the breath of life to this French burgher.

In order to protect De Senneville from the incursions of the Iroquois a rough stone fort had been erected at the very head of the Island of Montreal. On Isle St. Paul (Nun's Island) Le Ber had built large store houses, and on Isle Perrot, opposite Senneville, stood a cluster of buildings constructed by Perrot, Le Ber's rival and antagonist, the ex-Governor of Ville Marie, in order to intercept the tribes from the Upper Lakes on their way to the annual fair at Montreal. Isle Perrot was the chosen rendezvous of soldiers who had escaped to the woods and forest rovers outlawed by royal edict.

Broken, uneven fields, planted chiefly with maize, stretched to the border of the forest. The ravages of the caterpillars had left but little to gather, and had it not been for the marvellous incursion of squirrels that fairly swarmed over the land, many of the people must have starved. Amidst the stumps and prostrate trees of the unsightly clearing labored the colonists, with sentinels posted around them and guarded by a small squad of regulars, whom the merchants had brought from Montreal.

There were troublous times for the handful of French settlers scattered amidst savage hordes and half reclaimed forests. They strove with man and with nature—with foes in every bush and hollow. Behind woody islets, in tangled thickets and deep ravines, in the shade and stillness of columned woods, lurked everywhere a danger and a terror—enemies who owed their triumphs as much to their craft and sagacity as to their extraordinary boldness. The Iroquois rarely approached in winter, when trees and bushes had no leaves to hide them and their movements could be betrayed by the track of their snowshoes, but they were always to be expected at the time of sowing and harvest, when it was possible to do the most mischief. Every one of the little party collected at Senneville bore in mind many scenes of nameless and indescribable horror. Each of them could have related numerous wild and mournful experiences, though they chattered over their work with true Gallic light-heartedness and vivacity. Louison

Guimond's young brother had two years before been cruelly butchered before her eyes, and with what she could gather of the charred and mutilated remains the miserable woman had travelled alone through the savage immensity of the wilderness to secure for the victim a Christian burial. The man known as "Sans Quartier," an old soldier, had returned from an expedition to find his home in ashes, his young wife carried away captive, while the brains of his helpless babe had been dashed out against the nearest tree. Another soldier, "Frappe d'Abord," held his musket awkwardly because his fingers had been burned in the bowl of an Indian pipe. Pierre, "Prêt à boire," a hardy voyageur, could tell true tales of peril and adventure in the pathless forest that chilled the blood in the listener's veins, stories of forced marches through sodden snow and matted thickets, over rocks and mountains, where men perishing from cold and famine, boiled mocassins for food and scraped away the snow to search for beach and hickory nuts. In repose, stern lines of pain deepened on Sans Quartier's face; there was always an hysterical quiver in Louison's shrill laughter. Still these people chattered on cheerily; there was much merriment and little complaint. The resignation of long usage; the sense that these evils were beyond remedy; that the only thing to be done was to endure, enabled them to assume the impervious panoply of patience.

As soon as the scanty harvest had been gathered, the whole party, with the exception of a few soldiers left to garrison the fort, prepared to return to Ville Marie. Though the distance was not great the journey was both perilous and toilsome. The birch canoes had to be shouldered through the forest to escape the rapids. The flat-bottomed boats could not be handled and were dragged or pushed in the shallow water, close to the bank, by gangs of men, toiling and struggling amidst the rocks and foam. Just now the danger and inconvenience were both increased by the presence of some of the ladies of the Le Ber family. Shrewd trader and fearless soldier as was this clear-headed burgher of Ville Marie, he possessed a knightly spirit, and never yet had he been able to refuse a request urged by his ward, Diane de Monestrol. Le Ber's nephew, Lemoyne de Sainte Hélène, on his way down from Cataract, had arranged to meet his uncle at Senneville, and when the capricious young damsel determined to accompany the harvesting party and coaxed Madame de Sainte Hélène (who before her marriage had also been the trader's ward) to join her in the expedition, it was plainly understood by all concerned that opposition was useless.

"Throw your tongue to the dogs, of what use to argue with Mademoiselle? One fine day will she furnish an excellent meal to those sorcerers of Iroquois, faith of Nanon Benoist," urged Madame de Monestrol's serving woman with the freedom of a faithful French domestic.

Le Ber stood close to the shore, where the men, shouting and laughing, were loading the boats. His was a round, bourgeois face, sunned and tanned by work and weather, somewhat heavy, decorated by a slight moustache and redeemed from plainness by deep, earnest eyes. He wore a three-cornered hat, and over his ample shoulders spread a stiff white collar of wide expanse. He looked, what he was, a grave burgher of good renown and sage deportment. As Diane approached his face brightened. A very true and earnest friendship existed between the trader and this young girl of noble birth. However wilful and capricious she might show herself to others, to him she was always gentle. No young cavalier (and Diane de Monestrol was said to be the fairest demoiselle in New France) appreciated the freshness of her gracious youth more thoroughly than this world-worn elderly man whose thoughts were constantly engrossed by many pressing material interests. In reality the man had two natures—the one practical, ambitious, mundane, by which he was known to all the world; the other ideal and passionate, apart from all the common requirements of life. With worldly prosperity the thriving merchant had endured domestic bereavement. He had lost his wife, the shrewd partner of all his interests, and his only daughter was as completely separated from him as though the tomb had already closed over her. When she determined to proffer herself as a public victim of penitence, an offering to God for the salvation of her country, he had been told that he and his wife were to serve as models to all the parents of the colony; they were to be revered, as was Abraham, for the sacrifice of his son Isaac. Spiritual pride had induced him to consent, yet the sundering of home ties lay heavy on his heart. His most soothing consolation had come from this eager eyed girlish creature, who seemed intuitively to comprehend his feelings.

The primeval strength and freshness of a new country as yet uncontaminated by man, seemed to have breathed into this girl's veins an abounding energy and vivacity. The transplanted flower had lost no charm of native delicacy distinctive of her class, and had gained in spirit and character. The flush of youth and the fresh breeze of life, the glowing warmth of sunlight and the spring, seemed crystallized within her. Her complexion was purely pale. The features, delicate cut and peerlessly noble, animated by that spontaneous equanimity which is the inheritance of vigour of mind, were frequent rather than regular; the cheeks beautified by playful dimples, the short upper lip fresh as a rose, the softly rounded and mutinous chin, indicating reserve forces of strength, as yet scarcely suspected. Madame de Monestrol sometimes lamented that, according to all the correct canons of taste, her niece's eyes ought to have been brown; yet, in defiance of all rule, they were intensely blue, shaded by heavy, curling dark lashes.

(To be continued.)

A Soft-Hearted Hero.

A SKETCH IN WATER-COLOURS.

It was during the storm in the First Book of the *Aeneid* that the mournful *Aeneas* uttered his first recorded groan (verse 95) and, stretching his hands to the stars, lamented that he had not fallen like a soldier beneath the high walls of Troy. He uttered this sentiment *with his voice*, the poet states expressly, for fear we should conceive that the pious hero, with his hands outstretched, was talking on his fingers to the constellations in that supreme moment. After the shipwreck (verse 221) he more unselfishly bemoaned his comrade, then supposed to have perished. In verse 459, he wept when he beheld his countrymen's deeds depicted on the frieze of a Carthaginian temple. On this occasion his emotion was violent; "he groaned many times and dedewed his face with a copious flood" (v. 465). He burst out afresh when he saw a picture of some tents (470). At the representation of Hector dragged round the walls of Troy his groaning, we are told, was "immense." It is not hard to guess why we have no portraits of distinguished Trojans—the tears of two or three pious heroes of this kind would have mildewed a myriad albums.

In Book II. *Aeneas* recounts the stratagem of the wooden horse and the taking of Troy. At the start, he expresses his opinion that the cruellest of the conquerors could not refrain from tears at the recital; but possibly the tender demi-god overrated his own eloquence or the sympathetic nature of the Myrmidons and Dolopians. The tale by which the artful Sinon lured the artless Trojans to harbour the fatal horse is irrigated with an average amount of tears and groans. But the traitor's tears attained their object and saved his life; while our hero's tears, if they did not actually cause his own death (*vide ad finem*), must surely have shortened the days of some condoling friends and companions.

Hector, who, in a dream, warned *Aeneas* not to resist, himself seemed to shed copious tears (271), and, a few lines further on, heaved deep sighs. Assuredly the fiery Hector of the glistening helm had grown less Homeric and more Virgilian since his decease. His apparition furnished a peculiarly good occasion for weeping, which, it is needless to observe, *Aeneas* promptly embraced, besides throwing in a dolorous exclamation every now and then.

Roused from his sleep, *Aeneas* was seized with a fine spasm of valor; he burned, as he informs us in verse 315, to get inside the citadel with his adherents. Frenzy made him rash, he tells us (316), and, in verse 337, he rushed into fire and arms. Soon afterwards he called upon his followers to make up their minds to die, because "the only chance of safety for the conquered is to hope for none." Still warmed by the flame of valour, he and his partisans disguised themselves in the armour of some Greeks they had surprised. He got into the beleaguered palace and launched a tower upon the besiegers.

This seems to have ended his spurt. Frenzy ceased making him rash. He looked on very philosophically at the slaughter of the venerable Priam, and the danger and terror of the queen. "What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba!" he doubtless reflected. Dread horror bewildered the warrior now, he explains (559); he thought of his own old father and his wife, and—he longed to be with them.

His affectionate anxiety, however, did not prevent his stopping on the way and yielding to a fierce, but perfectly safe, impulse of patriotic indignation. He saw Helen hiding herself (567) and resolved to slay her. He viewed her as the common bane of Troy and Greece (573), equally hated by each; and he had reason to hope that her slaughter would make him popular on both sides. That she had taken refuge by the altars was a small thing to him in his present mood. "Fires flamed in my soul," he nobly says; "wrath prompts me to avenge my falling country and exact the penalty of sin. Shall she, unscathed, see Sparta and her native Mycenae, and walk a queen in the triumph she has won? Shall she see her husband and her home, her parents and her children, attended by a retinue of Trojan ladies and Phrygian slaves? Shall Priam have fallen by the sword, Troy have been consumed by fire, the Dardan shore have sweated so many times with blood and unavenged? It shall not be."

Declaiming these and other noble words, our mail-clad warrior was rushing undauntedly at the faded belle, when his mother suddenly appeared and persuaded him to go home, by offering to escort him safely thither (620.)

Arrived there, he finds Father Anchises quite determined never to leave the old homestead. At this fatal resolution, *Aeneas*, refusing to escape without the old man, indulged in some generous declamation, and called for weapons and begged to be let loose at the Greeks again (669). But his fond spouse, Creusa, opportunely held his legs (673) and put the little Iulus into his arms, and filled the whole house with her screaming (690). The family entanglement was ended by a lucky omen, at which Father Anchises braced up and agreed to fly.

We are informed in a few dozen passages—sometimes by the modest hero himself—that *Aeneas* was *pious*, that is, noted for filial affection; and we now learn that he earned this epithet by carrying his father on his back out of the burning city. I am not of those who believe that he was actuated in this conduct by any ignoble consideration that his venerable sire might serve as a shield against the darts of the victorious Greeks; or that he instructed his wife to

"follow his footsteps in the distance" (711) in the hope that her capture might retard his pursuers and gain time for his escape. Appearances are not always to be trusted.

As a matter of fact, however, Creusa soon *was* lost—whether in consequence of her too strict obedience or of her lady-like and lingering glances at the stores in which she was to shop, alas, no more. Her husband went in search of her in an apparently homicidal and suicidal frame of mind, during which happily no Greek ventured to molest him and he molested no Greek, but vented his "noble longings for the strife" in hollowing for his wife. The sight of her ghost presently calmed him amazingly. By her advice he abandoned his rampage, went back to his father and gave the old man another hoist. Though his departed spouse had entreated him to dry his tears (784), she left him weeping still (790). Indeed he displayed more fondness for her on this occasion than he is ever recorded to have displayed when she was alive. He tried to put his arms around her neck, and, finding it quite impracticable to embrace a ghost, he made several vain but flattering attempts to perform that tender feat. In fact he gave her three parting hugs, for she parted every time he hugged (792-794). It must be granted that he rushed to arms extremely often, if we are to count these three conjugal efforts.

"Who could equal the trials of that night with his tears?" *Aeneas* asked, still thinking of his favourite subject, in line 362. It must have been modesty, it surely cannot have been ignorance, that prevented him from telling us the answer to this enigma.

"The Third Book completes *Aeneas*'s narrative; but it is, perhaps, prudent to stop here at present and not approach too closely to the Fourth Book, which recounts the love and suicide of the deceived Dido. Some young hearts are too tender to bathe, without melting, in the flood of tears with which the pious and magnanimous hero, we may fairly assume, mourned his own desertion of his benefactress.

This plaintive son of a goddess is prone to other emotions besides tearful sympathy, ineffectual rage, and love tempered by desertion. He often feels bewilderment and fear. While covered with the cloud, he and his trusty Achates experienced both sensations (B. I., vv. 513-514). He was one of those who "fled bloodless" from the serpents assailing Laocoon (B. II., v. 212). He was terrified again and passive at the death of Priam (559). He shivered at the silence when he was looking for Creusa (755). He was still more frightened, at first, at her apparition: "I was astounded," he says, "and my hair stood on end and my voice stuck in my throat." He afterwards uses the same words to describe the way he was startled by an enchanted tree (B. III. 48). A little earlier his terror at the same object was even more pitiable: "A cold shivering shakes my limbs and my chilled blood congeals with dread" (29-30).

The *Aeneid* closes consistently with a parting groan, and its abrupt ending has been ingeniously attributed to the probability that the gentle hero wept so much over his slain enemy, Turnus, that he was drowned in his own tears, and changed by Venus into a fountain of salt water—an improvement which may have suggested one of the lost *Metamorphoses* of Ovid.

Unlike the present Laureate, Virgil shows no tenderness for "idle tears"; his hero's tears are industrious and persistent. The tall figure of the demi-god towers over his followers, and his moral eminence is as great. Not a man of them, and no dozen men of these degenerate days, could match—his water-power.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.



THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE.

As announced in our last issue, the eighth and final volume of this important work made its appearance a few weeks ago. The full title is "The Works of William Shakespeare," edited by Henry Irving and Frank A. Marshall, with Notes and Introductions to each Play by F. A. Marshall and other Shakespearian scholars, and numerous Illustrations by Gordon Brown. The editorial arrangement here indicated was only partially carried out for a reason thus regretfully stated by Mr. Irving: "I am proud that my name should be associated with such a work and with so many names illustrious in the scholarship of my time. To those who remain of the staff who undertook and carried on the work there is one deep sad note in all their pleasure. The voice that cheered them on their way—the hand most resolute, most untiring in the task; the brain that sought out truth and mastered difficulties and comprehended all the vast ramifications of such a work, are now but memories; the eyes that scanned so lovingly and so jealously the growing work shall never look on its completion. From the first Frank Marshall set himself down to the editorship of this edition of Shakespeare as the *magnum opus* of his life. The amount of solid, hard work that he did was almost incredible, and could only have been accomplished by an unswerving sense of duty, and an iron resolution to keep abreast of his task. In the later days, when failing health made such stress of work impossible for him, he found loyal and loving helpers in those

other men whose names are given in connection with various portions of the work." It was Mr. Marshall who planned the edition of the great dramatist, and, as his friend and successor, Mr. Arthur Symonds, writes, it "remains his achievement—his in spirit, even when other hands have worked under the direction of the kindest and most considerate of editors." Frank Marshall, writes Mr. Irving. "was a friend of my life. We were brought together and linked by the golden bond of a common love for the great Englishman whose work he endeavoured to worthily set forth, and from the hour we first met our friendship ripened till in all the world I had no warmer friend." It was considered meet that a playwright and an actor, both earnest and successful students of the great poet, who was both, should give their experience, thought and research to the elucidation of the Plays from the standpoint of the practical dramatist as well as of the man of letters and philosophic reader of men. Mr. Irving has never agreed with that school of criticism which holds that Shakespeare's writing is not adapted for the stage. He believes that he chose and adhered to the dramatic form because it was that to which his genius impelled him, that in which it was sure to have its highest manifestation. He deprecates any misunderstanding of the motives that suggested the marking off of lines which in acting or reading aloud may be omitted from the Plays as though he thereby presumed to amend Shakespeare's writings. Such was far from being his intention. He reminds the reader, however, that the conditions of English life in the days of Elizabeth and the First James were very different from what they are to-day, both as to the leisure of the theatre-going class and the code of conventional morals. The passages bracketed are, moreover, not such as would be left out in a Bowdlerized Shakespeare but such as may be passed over without injury to the action of the plot. They are, in fact, the passages generally dispensed with on the stage. Save in a few instances the First Folio has been followed. There is a limited number of foot-notes for the explanation of words not readily intelligible to the ordinary reader. The bulk of the notes the editors have placed at the end of each play. The introduction is in every case threefold, giving (1) the literary and (2) stage history of the play and (3) the critical remarks. Among entirely new features are a map illustrating the scene and a list of words occurring only in the play. In the case of the historical plays whatever information could be gathered concerning the *dramatis personae* is made introductory to the notes. Daniel's time analysis is reproduced by permission of that laborious author. The arrangement followed is that of the order in which the plays are believed to have been written. The illustrations by Mr. Gordon Browne are numerous and remarkably good. To Mr. Irving's opening essay on "Shakespeare as a Playwright" we have already referred, as well as to Mr. Marshall's preface, written just three years ago. While the sixth volume was in preparation his health broke down, and before the work was completed he had rested from his labours. The general Introduction (in Volume VIII.) is from the pen of Dr. Edward Dowden, the well known author of "Shakespeare: his mind and art." It covers nearly sixty pages and is worthy of that distinguished critic. The other writers who shared in the work are Messrs. Arthur Symonds, Joseph Knight, R. Garnett, Oscar F. Adams, A. Wilson Verity, R. A. Daniel, H. A. Evans, P. Z. Round and the Rev. H. C. Beeching. In the later volumes Mr. Gordon Browne was assisted in the illustration by Messrs. Maynard Brown, W. A. Margetson and Frank Dodd. Shakespeare's portrait from the Chandos picture in the National Portrait Gallery, the bust from the tomb at Stratford, the portrait from Droeshout's engraving, a sketch of the interior of the Swan Theatre, and examples of the poet's handwriting adorn the eighth volume, in addition to the usual tale of illustrations. It also contains the Venus and Adonis, the Rape of Lucrece, the Sonnets, the Passionate Pilgrims and the Phoenix and the Turtle. A full index to subjects treated in the Notes facilitates reference. Such is a simple statement of the plan and contents of the work. Every care has been expended on its preparation—text, history, criticism, illustration, and the publishers have been unsparing in their efforts to present the edition to the public in a worthy form. It is a fine example of the printer's and bookbinder's arts, and Canada may well be proud to have such a work issue from its press. The prices are \$40 and \$20 respectively for half morocco and cloth. Toronto: The J. E. Bryant Co.; London, Glasgow, Edinburgh and Dublin: Blackie & Sons.

A NEEDED WORK.

"Why," asks the *Canadian Journal of Fabrics* of October, 1890, "has no comprehensive work been written on the beaver? Lots of fragmentary sketches there are, but his full length portrait, taking in his history, his customs and his person has never been drawn. We are glad to learn that this work is now to be undertaken by Mr. Horace T. Martin, of Montreal, who unites to a graphic literary style a knowledge of the fur trade from childhood. In order to assist in making this work worthy of the subject, Mr. Martin would be glad of facts and hints from all interested." We feel sure that many of our readers will be glad to learn that the preparation of a work on a subject which has, from the very inception of colonization, been associated with the industrial and commercial development and indirectly with the social life, the romance, and, to a considerable extent, even with the wars of Canada, is in safe and worthy hands, and that those of them who have information to impart, whether personal or documentary, will hasten to place it at Mr. Martin's disposal.

* This article, which appeared before under a different title, has been revised and rewritten for THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.



THE TORONTO SHAM FIGHT, 6th NOVEMBER.
LIEUT.-COL. OTTER, D. A. G., TORONTO. (By our special artist.)



THE TORONTO SHAM FIGHT, 6th NOVEMBER.
LIEUT.-COL. GIBSON, XIII BATTALION, HAMILTON.



The football season is about wound up, and, although it has been a short one, it has been a brilliant one. In the disputed match between Hamilton and Queens, although the decision of the committee may not have been just, it would perhaps have been to the best interests of the game if the Ambitious City's team had played the match over as ordered on Saturday last. The McGill men bravely kept up their march of victory, and the way in which the Cadets were treated to a beating just astonished the military men. There is no longer any doubt as to who are the champions and the season has closed, but still there are a great many who would have liked to see an exhibition between McGill and the Montreal or Britannia club, especially the latter, as the Brits and McGills have not met this year; and besides, I think the wearers of the blue would come nearer to defeating them than any other team. In Ottawa on Thanksgiving Day the College boys got a little bit of a surprise. In the football field they had an idea that they were invincible, and even in Montreal there were those who said that in their Thanksgiving Day match they would simply "walk through" their opponents. But this pedestrian feat did not come off to any great extent, and the Montrealers finished one point ahead, after having a little the best of it all the way through; but on account of a peculiarity in the Ontario Union's rules, the visitors were not awarded the match.

In Association football Toronto 'Varsity for the second year is the possessor of the Challenge Cup and the championship of the Western association, having won on Saturday week from the Berlin Rangers by a score of three goals to nil. The Grand Trunk team being the champions of the Eastern association, the match for the championship of Canada was played in Toronto between the two champions on Monday last. It was not football by any means, the match being played in a down-pour of rain. The Western men had what is vulgarly termed a "picnic" with the Trunks, who seemed to have lost their heads entirely, for of the six goals which were scored for 'Varsity two were kicked by Grand Trunk men. This leaves the College men champions of Canada for this year at Association football. The inter-provincial match—West vs. East—was of more interest and both teams were more representative, although at the last moment the Montreal contingent failed to come to time in the promised numbers, and Ottawa was forced to bear the brunt of the hard work. The match was played in Toronto and won by the Western men.

There will be only one toboggan slide this season and while that may seem a strange assertion to make in a city like Montreal, it is nevertheless true. Tobogganing has not been a paying investment for two years past, at least, and last year was the most disastrous on the records. Both the Park and Montreal slides lost heavily and one of them thought the wisest policy was to quit. But there are still a large number who want to slide and who will go a long way and go to some expense to have their favorite sport. The meeting which was called by the Park club was not necessarily a club affair, but simply represented the feelings of those who wanted to have some sliding anyhow, and everybody hopes that the scheme will be successful. There is one thing that the toboggan fellows do not seem to have taken into consideration to any great extent and, shades of chivalry; that is the fair sex! They are the greatest enthusiasts when it comes to the long up-hill walk and the lightning flash downward to the foot, when breath is at a premium; but there is colour in the cheek and the blood tingles and the temperature is forgotten and the long walk is easy, and the world is good to all things and the appetite—well, let that go! Swinburne must have been thinking about something that had the closest resemblance to tobogganing when in his roccoco way he wrote:—

"The rose leaves of December
The frosts of June shall fret
The day that you remember
The day that I forget."

The antithesis is suitable to our grand exhilarating pastime and it is to those December roses that I am looking for a revival of the grand old sport, which the frosts of June make us forget all about.

There are quite a number of people who never could see anything in golf. They are the unregenerate, and they probably would not be able to see anything in any sport other than that in which they were immediately engaged. The loss is theirs, not the golfers. True, it is not a game got up for spectators, for the looker-on will have to travel a mile or two if he wants to keep in touch with the game; but the man who is not interested is instantly stamped as a man who has never played golf. It is not a spectator's game and is not calculated to be such; the exercise is not particularly exciting, but it is markedly refreshing, and although the distance covered may not be greater than that accomplished when tramping round a billiard table of an evening, it is much more conducive to health and good spirits. This comparison may seem out of the way, but let any billiardist that plays for three or four hours carry a

pedometer and see how far I am out. It has been said that such pastimes as golf and curling and chess are games fit only for men who have passed their prime. That is bosh of the worst sort, and I know young men who can hold their own nicely in a hard fought Rugby match who are as great enthusiasts on the links and can put away a stone on the ice as cleverly as the veteran curler or golfer. To the uninitiated golf or curling appears comparatively tame; but to him who knows either game and has his hand in, to use a vulgarism, there are opportunities and moments of excitement which the lacrosse, football or cricket field cannot surpass. Golf looks easy; so does every game that the looker-on does not understand. The man who knows nothing of lacrosse simply sees twenty-four men chasing a ball over a ten-acre lot; in baseball the novice wonders why that sphere is not banged into eternal oblivion at the first attempt; in cricket it seems out of the possibilities that a man with a great wide bat should permit a stump to be bowled over; and in golf he wonders why that small boy should carry so many clubs. The reason is easily explained. It is simply ignorance of the game. It is a little early in the season to talk of curling, and, perhaps, I am a little late in my ideas of golf; but it is better late than never, and anybody who watched the progress of the match for the Stock Exchange trophy on Fletcher's field, would come to the conclusion that the season is not over yet by a large majority. The trophy is a remarkably handsome table clock with silver plate, on which is a miniature golf field. The match was a very close one, and the scores, too, were very good, considering the state of the ground. Rev. James Barclay, who had to allow 4 points, made the best actual score; but the handicap barred him out. Mr. A. A. Wilson captured the trophy with the good score of 80.

Last week I had something to say about professional lacrosse, and this week I wish to follow it up by pointing out some of the advantages that would accrue to the game itself by the formation of professional clubs. In the first place, it would remove from the amateur ranks a class of players who at the present moment have no business to be there. We all know well enough that from twenty-five to forty per cent. of our present supposed amateur lacrosse players would never handle a stick unless they derived some tangible advantage from it. Were professional teams established, this class of player would at once apply for positions where a regular salary would be assured to them, and thus our amateur teams would be freed from their present taint of professionalism, and the pro-amateur would be eliminated from our national game. Another point is that it would much improve the character of the play. Not only would it be better when the player had to earn his salary, but it would be cleaner. Foul play would be too expensive, if the referee had the power to fine the erring player. At present he has little or no power beyond that of sending the offending player to the fence—a penalty which is evidently insufficient to deter a foul player from prosecuting his little game; or else we should not see so much of it. But if in addition he could fine the offender, or mulct the club he represents, he would hit him in the tenderest spot in the human frame—the pocket—and the offence would cease with a speed, compared to which the space of time occupied by the passage of a streak of greased lightning through a gooseberry bush would attain the proportions of that necessary to an oyster on his way to a funeral.

The snowshoers are all busy getting ready for the winter campaign, and before another week nearly all the annual meetings will be held and officers elected. It would not be a bad idea if some arrangement were made for a combined snowshoe meeting after the fashion of a couple of years ago. During recent years racing on the flat has been comparatively a dead letter, which excited no public interest, and, perhaps, as good a way as any to revive it is the one suggested.

Stansbury appears to have met another equal in the antipodes besides Peter Kemp, as a cable message says he has been defeated by McLean. This, however, will not interfere with the arrangements made for the American trip.

"Who Carl Zerrahn Is."

The Toronto *Globe* of the 13th November says:—"Mr. Carl Zerrahn, the veteran conductor of Boston, has been for many years past one of the most prominent men in musical America. As he is to be in Toronto for the third time this month, a short sketch of him will be interesting. His first visit to Toronto was about 35 years ago, and his last in May, 1889, when he was tendered a great reception, the house being packed at his first concert. Mr. Zerrahn was born in Malchow, in the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, in July, 1826. He began the study of music in his twelfth year, and continued it in Hanover and Berlin. About the time of the revolution of 1848 Mr. Zerrahn and 25 others organized the Germania Musical Society and emigrated to this country, giving concerts in London with great success on their way. They reached New York in September, 1848, and gave a number of concerts in New York and Brooklyn, which were highly successful, and were followed by a series in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, after which Boston was visited, where they gave 22 concerts and then continued the series through New England. They appeared for five or six years in company with Ole Bull, Sontag and others, dis-

banding in 1854. Mr. Zerrahn then became the conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston. When the Harvard Symphony Orchestra was founded in 1866 Mr. Zerrahn was chosen conductor. He was connected prominently with the two peace jubilees of 1869 and 1872, and has had exclusive direction and control of the Handel and Haydn triennial festivals for the past twenty years. He also took an important part in the New York festivals of 1869 and 1873. He is now in the prime of life and in the midst of his greatest usefulness, doing an amount of work that would break down many a man of ordinary strength."

Historical Tablets of Montreal.

An enterprise is being carried out at present which is to provide Montreal with a set of visible reminders of her history and traditions. Mr. W. D. Lighthall, with the assistance of the Antiquarian Society, Roswell Lyman, J. A. U. Beaudry, Gerald Hart, and other well known friends of antiquarianism in the city, is arranging for the erection of twenty or thirty marble tablets on spots of traditional interest. The position of Montreal as one of the four or five most historic towns in America makes it somewhat a source of wonder that we possess so few monuments or inscriptions; and it is the hope of these gentlemen to demonstrate what might be done in that direction, and to make a beginning which will, they believe, lead to more expensive monuments being erected. The tablets, which are to be of white marble, are to be numbered, so as to be easily traced in their successive order, and the present intention is to attach "No. 1" to the Custom House, bearing a legend somewhat as follows:

"No. 1.
NEAR THIS SPOT
ON THE 18TH DAY OF MAY, 1642,
LANDED
THE FOUNDERS OF MONTREAL,
COMMANDED BY
PAUL CHOMEDY, SIEUR DE MAISONNEUVE.
THEIR FIRST PROCEEDING WAS A
RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

DEBIT X.M."

Each tablet is to be contributed by a different gentleman, as far as possible, and the donor's name to be placed upon it, as above. The material, white marble, has been chosen after study of materials used in Boston, New York, Albany, Hartford and other places, for similar purposes, and is not only slightly and distinct, but very cheap. The cost, as estimated by Robert Reid and Co., including putting up, is only about \$10 to \$12 per tablet, the latter being the outside figure. The ten tablets have been already subscribed for, and no difficulty is experienced in obtaining donors; but, in order to save delay, any one desiring to subscribe for one or more tablets should send in his name at once. The inscriptions are to be in English, unless specially otherwise asked for by any donor, and their tenor will be decided by a committee drawn liberally from among those best acquainted with such matters.

Tablet No. 2 will probably be placed in Custom House Square, the ancient Place d'Armes, and will refer to the well-known story of Maisonneuve's courage in repelling the Iroquois, and also to the burning of several Iroquois prisoners at the stake in the good old days.

No. 3 will probably be at Frothingham & Workman's lane, as their premises stand upon the site of Maisonneuve's house. This tablet will also state that St. Paul street is named after him.

No. 4 is intended for the site of the old Recollet Church on St. Helen street, and will relate, besides the dates, that the Protestant population worshipped there at one time by the courtesy of the Recollet Fathers.

No. 5 brings us to Dollard Lane, named after Dollard des Ormeaux, and will tell "How Canada was saved" by him in 1663.

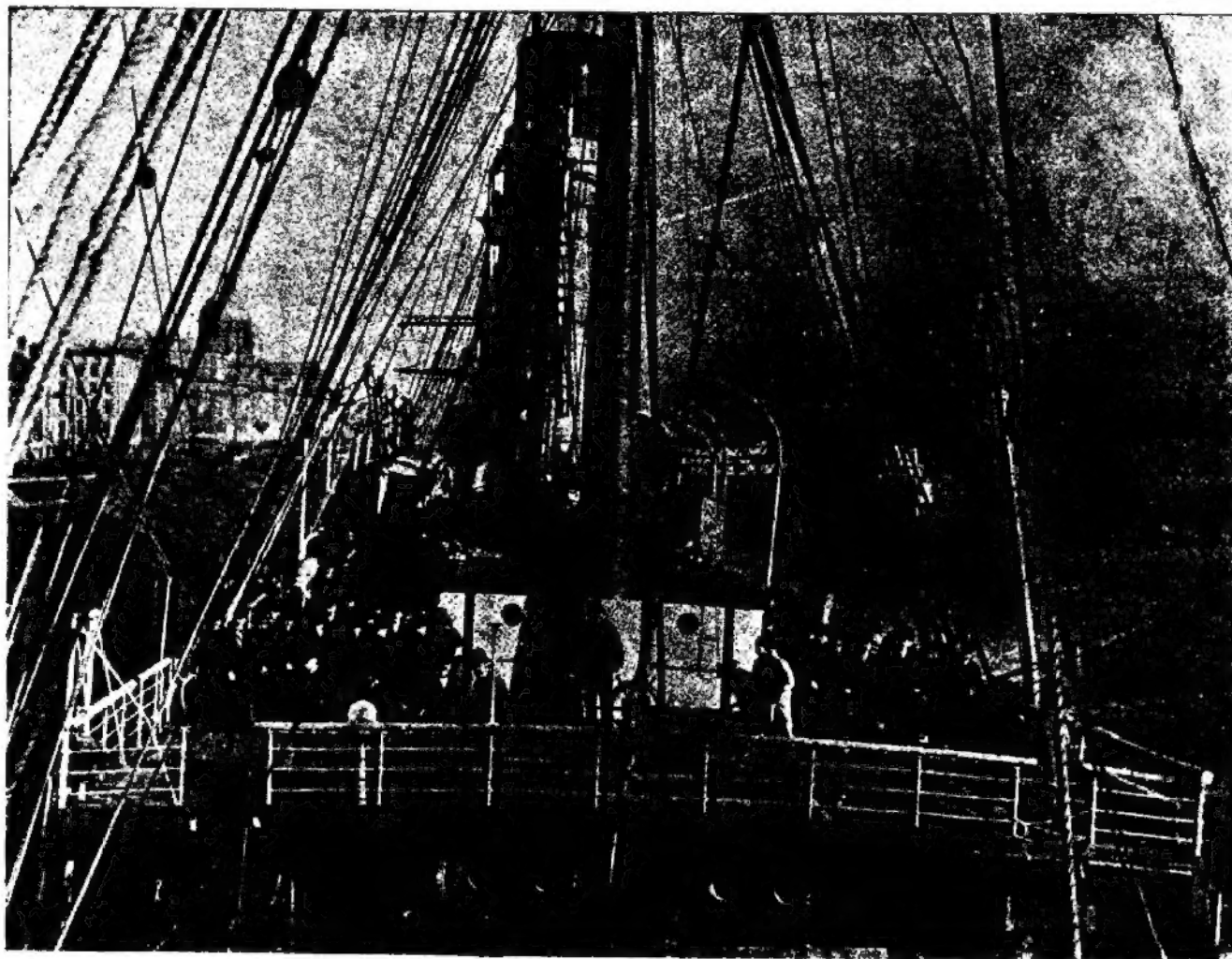
No. 6 is for the Seminary of St. Sulpice, whose foundations date from 1659, and whose Order were the original Seigneurs of the Island.

No. 7 will be the Church of Notre Dame.

No. 8, the present Place d'Armes, relating something of the historical events of which it has been the scene.

The fortifications and former gates of the city (Quebec and Recollet) will also come in for recollection. Also, the site of the old Christ Church Cathedral, on Notre Dame street; the Court House (Jesuit Barracks), near which stood the town pillory until within the memory of old men; the Château de Ramezay, residence of the early French Governors; Château de Vaudreuil (site on Jacques Cartier square; Dalhousie Square (Citadel Hill); the Champ de Mars, with memories of French, British and American armies; the house of Dr. Hingston, Sherbrooke street, being the probable site of the original Indian town (Hochelaga) found by Jacques Cartier in 1535; Dorchester street, corner of Beaver Hall Hill, as being named after Sir Guy Carleton, the great Lord Dorchester, who literally earned, by his energy in 1775 and his Quebec Act, his title of "Founder and Saviour of Canada."

Mr. Lighthall believes that these inscriptions will have an educative character of great value, and points to the success of similar series which have been erected lately in Boston, New York and Albany. If properly numbered and sufficiently conspicuous, as they will be by the use of white marble, they will have advantages over those of cities named, where bronze is used, without numbering; and Montreal would thus be rendered of more intelligent interest than at present to the tourist. Indeed, in Mr. Lighthall's opinion, we have been neglecting a very considerable source of profit in not erecting a few worthy monuments and equipping a local museum similar to any of four or five in Boston.



SS. "VANCOUVER."
After loss of Bridge and
Chart House.

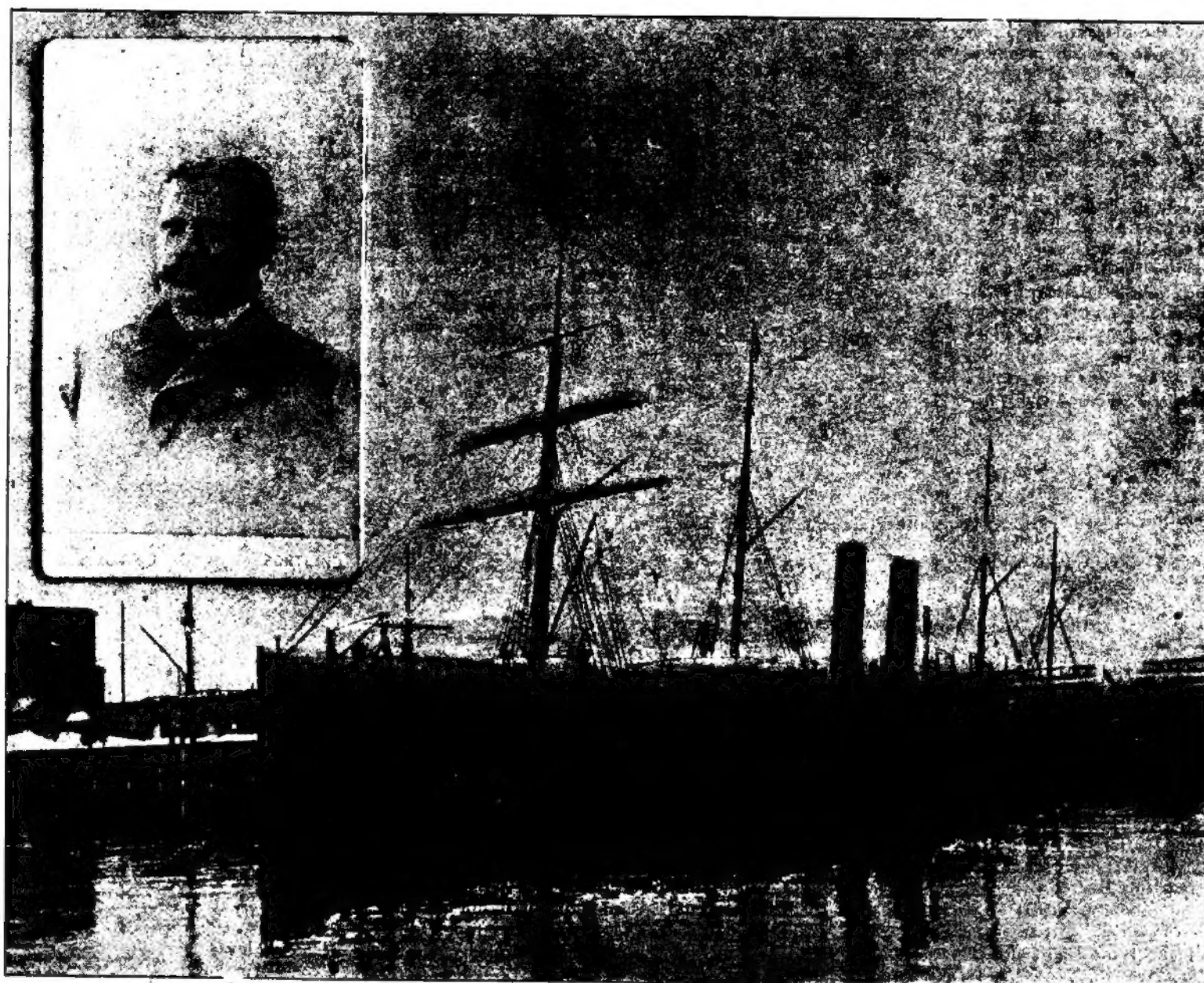


CHART HOUSE.

THE STEAMSHIP "VANCOUVER" AND HER GALLANT COMMANDER.

BRIDGE AND CHART HOUSE.

Through the Magazines.

THE CENTURY.

With the November number the *Century* enters on its 41st volume and the programme for the coming year is brimful of new features—"things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme." This month's issue contains an instalment of one of the most interesting of these, General Bidwell's opening paper on "The Gold Hunters of California," where he was a pioneer half a century ago. It is full of surprises, revealing a state of things over two thirds of the continent which it requires a vivid imagination to raise to life to-day. It is fitly illustrated by Harry Fenn and other artists. Mr. John Howard Shinn adds an appendix on "Grizzly-pioneer" stories, which is really a valuable contribution to the literature of folk-lore and its evolution. From California to Tibet, from '41 to '88, is a long sweep through time and space, but it is the charm of the *Century* that it produces these kaleidoscopic changes of scene. Mr. W. Woodville Rockhill is the Asiatic traveller through the (by Westerns) little known mountain land, which is yearly crowded by devout pilgrims from half the East. The illustrations by Messrs. Bacher and Major are picturesque and instructive. "Col. Carter of Carterville," is an animated sketch of southern character (the F. F. V. type), by F. Hopkinson Smith. Mrs. King's "Legend of Old New York" treats of the days of the patroons and is good reading. The "Italian Old Masters" series is continued by Mr. W. J. Stillman, whose theme is Luca Signorelli, Mr. T. Cole contributing an engraving of "The Angel Sounding the Trumpet," from the fresco of the Resurrection in the chapel of S. Brizio in the Duomo of Orvieto. The frontispiece is a fine engraving by G. Tietze of "Lincoln and his son 'Tad,'" from a photograph by Brady. It illustrates a paper by Col. Hay. The rest of the number is in keeping with the foregoing indications and with the *Century's* admirable record. Those who would learn something worth knowing of the enterprise and outlay that went to the making of that record should read Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne's article on "The Printing of the *Century*," with pictures by Fenn, Wiles, Hill, Runge and Comings, and the "*Century's* Twentieth Anniversary" in the "Topics of the Time." (The Century Company, 33 East 17th Street, Union Square, New York.)

MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

The last quarterly number of this periodical, which completes its second year and volume, contains a portrait of Austin Dobson, from a pen-and-ink sketch by Bradley (frontispiece), a biography of the poet and characteristic examples of his style. Mr. John Underhill contributes the letter-press. Prof. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen is the subject of a biographic sketch by Mr. Talcott Williams. Mr. G. Mercer Adams does the same service for Miss Agnes Ethelwyn Wetherald, whose portrait recently appeared in the *New England Magazine*. Mr. John Walker writes about Miss Christina G. Rossetti; Miss Catherine Tynan, whose portrait was published in an earlier number of the *Magazine*, gives a biographic and critical sketch of Mr. Alfred Percival Graves, son of the Bishop (not Archbishop) of Limerick. Mr. Graves is worth becoming acquainted with by those who have not yet had the pleasure of knowing him. He has the secret both of pathos and humour, and is a true son of the Emerald Isle. We are glad to see a portrait of Dr. J. G. Holland, who edited the *Century* (as *Scribner's*) during the first ten years of its life, and some samples of his muse. It is Miss Nettie Leila Michel who pays tribute to his memory. There are also portraits of Robert Burns Wilson, William Cartwright Newsam, William Canton, Ella A. Giles, Mrs. George Archibald (Annie Campbell) S. C. Coffinberry, and other poets, living and dead, of both the New World and the Old. The *Magazine of Poetry* does good service in making the devotees of the muses, separated by leagues of sea and land, acquainted with each other's careers, surroundings and aspirations. The two volumes now published comprise a portrait gallery and a treasury of biography, which may be consulted with pleasure and profit. Subscription, \$2 a year in advance. Charles Wells Moulton, of Buffalo, N.Y., is the publisher.

KING'S COLLEGE RECORD.

The last number of our always welcome contemporary, the *Record*, the organ of our oldest university, contains the address delivered by Dr. J. G. Bourinot at the King's College Centennial celebration, on the 26th of June last. Dr. Bourinot gives some reminiscences of a visit to Windsor twenty-five years ago and enumerates some of the striking figures that lent distinction to the occasion. Some of these, as the Hon. Joseph Howe, the Hon. Jonathan McCully, and the Hon. William Garvie, have passed away to the great unseen bourne. One remains, and is still serving his country and the Empire, as the Dominion High Commissioner in London. Dr. Bourinot also remembers "the genial old judge," whose works of humour—the most original that the continent has produced—we still read with pleasure and instruction. But among the faces that he missed most of all was that of the good bishop "who presided for very many years with untiring energy and conscientious zeal over the spiritual and temporal affairs of the first diocese of the Church of England on the continent of America." He recalled how shortly before Bishop Binney's death he had spent a long evening in conversation with him, listening to words that proved how his heart was devoted to the cause in which he had spent his life. Political,

statesman, poet, judge, bishop, all had gone, but their memories remained to inspire the new generation with courage and earnestness in the face of whatever trials fate might have in store. Dr. Bourinot also gave the *impressions de voyage* suggested by a journey across the continent, from Cape Breton to Vancouver, commended the higher culture, even for those who engaged in professional, commercial or industrial life, and closed by a stirring appeal to the patriotic pride of his younger hearers. The rest of the *Record* is true to its name, being largely taken up with collegiate matters, though by no means disregarding the great movements of the world beyond. The *King's College Record* is published by the undergraduates of King's College, Windsor, N.S., and has no superior among periodicals of its class.



MR. PAUL PEELE, TORONTO.

LA REVUE FRANCAISE.

The last issue of this bright representative of France in the New World continues its "Portraits Littéraires Contemporains"—Alfred De Musset being the theme, Mr. C. A. Sainte-Beuve, the writer, of the latest instalment. De Musset, we are told, was essentially a poet. The motto of



MR. CARL ZERRAHN.

his generation was "Poetry for itself; poetry before everything." It was a passion with De Musset and his contemporaries, this worship of the muses. The poet was a type of many obscure individualities, whose soarings and sinkings, exaltations and despondencies, he faithfully portrayed. His was a life of splendour and eclipse, but the light was more than the darkness and his memory will not perish. Mr. Sainte-Beuve re-publishes the sonnet, beginning "J'ai perdu ma force et ma vie," found one morning by Alfred

Tattet on the poet's study table, as a revelation of the despair that sometimes overwhelmed De Musset in his later years. M. Virgile Rossel concludes his article on the literature of French Switzerland. He agrees in part with Amiel that it is a body in quest of a soul. It once lacked the broad horizons of French letters, but after the first quarter of the 18th century, Amiel's judgment is no longer just, and after the Revolution the literature of Switzerland becomes virtually embodied with that of France. The Comte Charles de Mouy's "Promenade dans les Cyclades" takes us through some of the most charming of those Isles of Greece, whose sun, at least, is not yet set. M. Henri de Parville surveys the latest scientific movements—a task for which he is eminently fitted. The literary chronicle, by the editor, gives a brief mention of the most important works recently issued from the press. *La Revue Française* is conducted by Mr. L. Boisse, and is published by the Revue Française Company, 3 East Fourteenth Street, New York. The price of subscription is \$4 a year.

EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY.

Sir Daniel Wilson's address at the Convocation of Toronto University, October 1, is published (in part) in the November number of the *Canada Educational Monthly*. Its spirit is denoted by those words: "Never was there a time when the responsibilities were greater or more urgent. Our young Dominion throbs with eager undefined longings and aspirations, yearning for the large excitement that the coming years will yield." It is of vital importance that such aspirations be wisely directed and the true goal be kept in view. Like all that Sir Daniel Wilson writes, this address abounds in wise counsel and timely suggestion. "Art in Literature," by Mr. A. H. Morrison, of Brantford, is well worth reading, especially by those who are engaged in educational work. "The Private School for Girls," by Mrs. Sylvanus Reed, treats of questions which that lady has carefully studied and on which her long and fruitful experience gives her a right to speak with authority. The rest of the number (including a letter from Mr. B. F. Bolton on "Separate Schools") is of interest to all who are concerned, directly or indirectly, in the progress of education in Canada. The *Educational Monthly*, which is drawing to the close of its twelfth volume, is edited by Mr. Archibald McMurchy, M.A., and is published by the Canada Educational Monthly Company, Toronto.

The Professor's Vacation.

My father's house was brown and old,
And stood beside the sea,
Whose throbbing ebbs in tide and flow
Brought all life's change to me.

I watched them when the morning sun
Shone on their sparkling breast,
Bear homebound ships to waiting hearts
With white sails furled for rest.

But not a ship that came or went
Held anything for me,
The lonely spaces of my heart
Answered the hungry sea.

I trained the vine around the door,
I made the hearthstone bright,
Content to see my father rest
Beside the fire at night.

There came a stranger to our door
Who wandered by the sea,
Who named the plants and read the stones
In language new to me.

I showed him many a hidden spot
In cave and mountain dell,
And through a tiny pocket-lens
He taught me how to spell

That wondrous lettering of God,
That tells the world its age
In perfect leaf or broken frond
Upon its stony page

And when he placed beneath that lens
The simple wayside flower
I saw undreamed-of perfectness
Was Nature's lineal dower.

I bowed my heart in reverence,
Awe-stricken in surprise,
That I had dwelt among his works
With dim blindfolded eyes.

Ashamed that I so often longed
For art and harmony,
While all around my daily paths
Lay more than I could see.

The summer waned. He went his way,
The hand he touched was cold,
But how my brain burned when I saw
My father took his gold.

The spaces in the world grew wide
And lone as moreland fens.
I am glad he could not lay my heart
Beneath his pocket-lens.

The Châlet.

J. E. M.